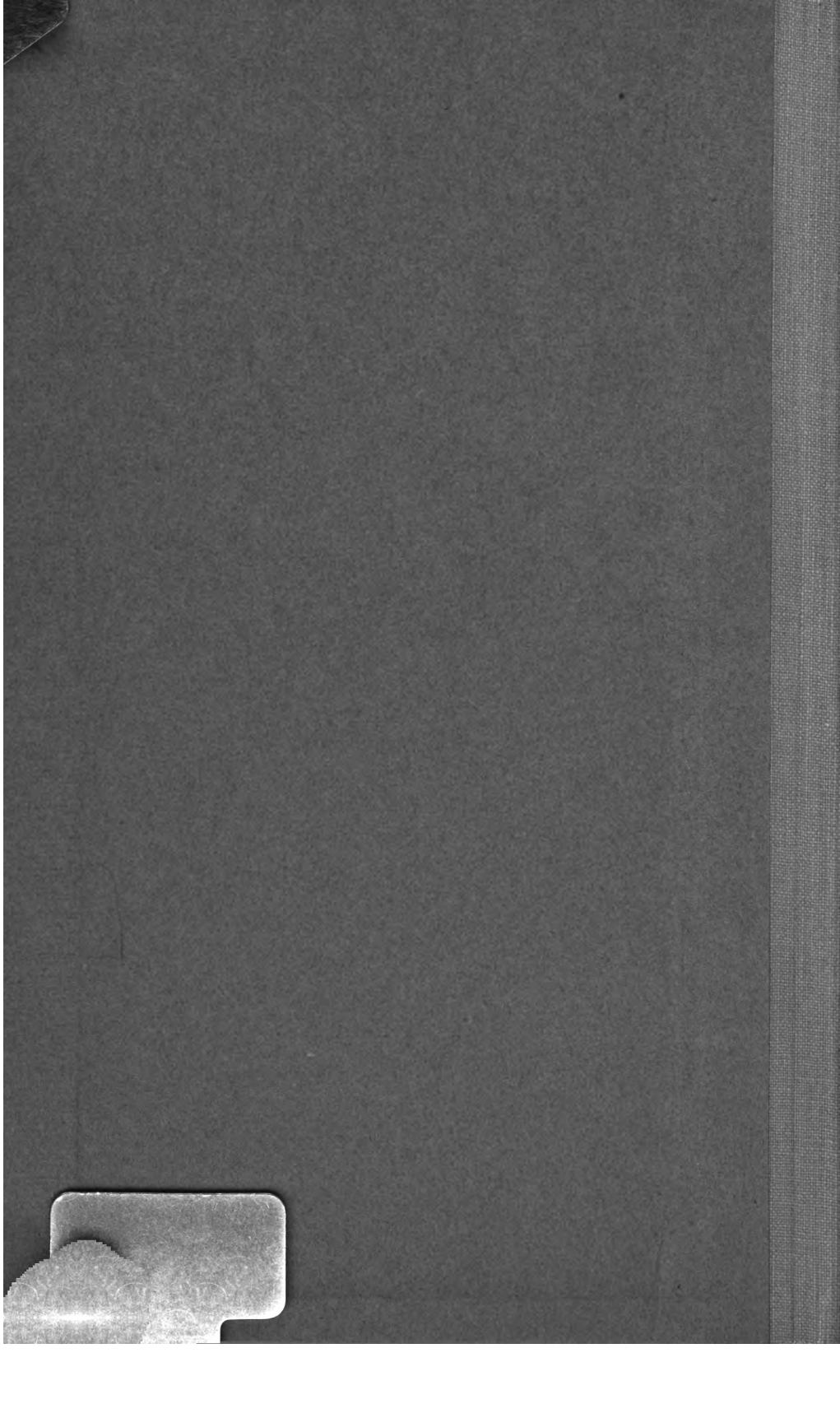
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08164858 0



DOMINU
ILLUMINA
MEA

MARCH
1873.

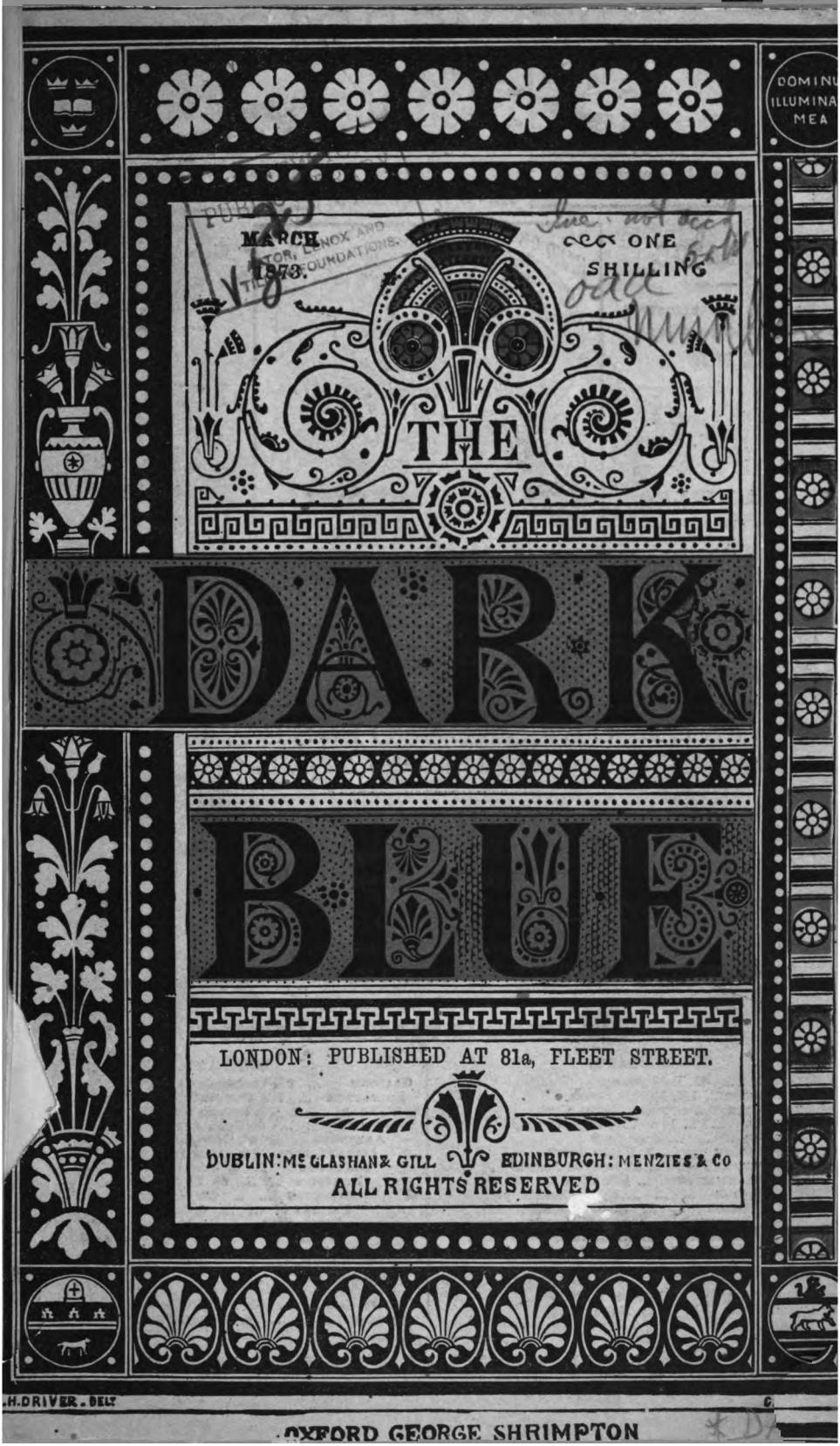
ONE
SHILLING

THE DARK BLUE

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT 81a, FLEET STREET.

DUBLIN: McGLASHAN & GILL EDINBURGH: MENZIES & CO

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



.H.DRIVER. DELT

OXFORD GEORGE SHRIMPTON

THE VERDICT

NO HOME
Need be without the greatest
DOMESTIC ECONOMISER,
THE SINGER.

OF OVER
1,000,000
PERSONS
WHO
HAVE PURCHASED

You can Hire
THE SINGER,
With the option of purchasing at cash price, or of returning it at any time; or of effecting a purchase by continuing the Hire.

EXCHANGE.

To meet the numerous applications received,
THE SINGER
Manufacturing Compy.
Will, for a limited period,
Take in Exchange
MACHINES
OF OTHER MAKERS,
Allowing their marketable value.

Since August 7th, 1872
FOUR
FIRST PRIZE
GOLD
MEDALS
AND A
SILVER CUP,
Have been added to the already unparalleled
List of AWARDS
To these Machines.

CASH PRICE FROM
£6 10s.

IS THIS,
"THEY ARE THE BEST
FOR

ON HIRE WEEKLY AT
1s. 8d. to 3s.

ALL CLASSES OF SEWING.

Catalogues and Particulars free per Post.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE IN EUROPE:

147, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

DISTRICT OFFICES IN LONDON:

8, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY, S.E.; 144, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM:

ENGLAND.

LIVERPOOL ... 21, Bold Street.
MANCHESTER ... 105, Market Street.
NEWCASTLE ... Grainger Street West.
BRISTOL ... ... 18 and 19, High Street.
LEEDS ... ... Boar Lane.
PLYMOUTH ... ... 2, Union Street.
NORWICH ... ... 12, London Street.
SOUTHAMPTON ... 105, High Street.
BOSTON ... ... 3½, Market Place.
BOLTON ... ... 94, Bradshawgate.
READING ... ... 61, London Street.
EXETER ... ... 13, Queen Street.
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE 146, Stamford Street.

WALES.

SWANSEA ... ... 103, Oxford Street.
CARDIFF ... ... 20, Duke Street.

SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW ... 65, Buchanan Street.
EDINBURGH ... 108, Princes Street.
DUNDEE ... ... 49, Reform Street.
PERTH ... ... 64, John Street.
ABERDEEN ... 46, George Street.
INVERNESS ... 3, Drummond Street.
GREENOCK ... 8, West Black-hall Street.
DUMFRIES ... ... 43, English Street.
HAMILTON ... ... 32, Cadzow Street.
PAISLEY ... ... 6, Gilmour Street.
DUMBARTON ... ... 14, Bridge Street.
STIRLING ... ... 44, Port Street.
CUPAR-FIFE ... ... 32, Crossgate.
MONTROSE ... ... 16, John Street.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN ... ... 69, Grafton Street.
BELFAST ... ... 4, Donegal Square North.

LOCAL AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN.

THE

DARK BLUE.

MARCH, 1873.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	AMADEO. With Portrait. By Adolphe Smith	1
II.	THE BRITISH ARMY. By Francis Peek	9
III.	BISMARCK AND THEIRS. By Robert Batson	15
IV.	FIRMIAN'S VISIT TO THE EARTH. By H. D. Traill	23
V.	STRONG MAGIC. By Mrs. E. Reade. Illustrated	32
VI.	PROTHALAMION	55
VII.	UNITY DEIFIES UNITS. By Compton Reade	58
VIII.	THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEARDS. By Samuel Phillips Day ...	64
IX.	A SONG OF THE OLIVE TREE	69
X.	THE FIRST ARCHITECT SINCE WOLSEY. By Compton Reade	71
XI.	RUSSIA AND INDIA. By Colonel Laurie	77
XII.	CO-OPERATION AND THE CIVIL SERVICE	85
XIII.	POPULAR CONTROL OVER THE LICENCE SYSTEM. By James T. Hoskins	88
XIV.	THE LOST ONE	98
XV.	THE WORKS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	103
XVI.	THE DRAMA...	105

THE GREAT WINTER SALE OF CHINESE,

JAPANESE, AND INDIAN ARTICLES

HAS NOW COMMENCED

AT THE WAREHOUSE,

117 and 119, REGENT STREET.

INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

Fans, Screens, Bamboo Baskets,

Thousands of Lacquered Trays, from 6d. each,

Tea Caddies,

Cigar Boxes, Glove Boxes,

Handkerchief Boxes,

Straw-worked Boxes,

Embroidered Banner Screens,

EXQUISITELY-PAINTED FOLDING SCREENS,

JAPANESE TOYS,

CHINESE TOYS,

JAPANESE PORCELAIN,

CHINESE PORCELAIN,

DESSERT SETS, CUPS AND SAUCERS,

MAGNIFICENT JARS, from 21s. the pair,

JAPANESE PAINTINGS ON SILK,

RICH EMBROIDERED JAPANESE DRESSES,

Brilliant Specimens of Artistic Colouring.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT THE GREAT

BAZAAR OF ORIENTAL CURIOSITIES,

117 and 119, REGENT STREET.

PRICES from 6d. to 200 guineas.

Bombay Boxes,

Indian Carved Boxes,

Carvings in Ivory,

Embroidered Chogas,

Embroidered Cloaks,

Table Covers,

INDIAN CARPETS AND RUGS,

SCINDE RUGS, INDIAN MATS,

MOORISH CARPETS AND RUGS,

SIBERIAN RUGS,

For the Dining Room, Library, or Smoking Room, quaint in design, brilliant in colouring, and moderate in price,

SPLENDID SPECIMENS OF OLD

CHINESE ENAMEL.

CHINESE GONGS.

JAPANESE ENAMEL.

BEAUTIFUL INLAID BRONZES.

SPLENDID SATSUMA PORCELAIN VASES.

KIOTO AND KANGA WARE.

UNIQUE SPECIMENS OF MODERN LACQUERWARE

From the First Makers in Japan,

AT THE

CHINESE, JAPANESE, AND INDIAN WAREHOUSE,

117 and 119, REGENT STREET.

CLOSE AT 2 O'CLOCK ON SATURDAYS.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

DRAWN BY F. WINTER. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'AMADEO, EX-KING OF SPAIN.'

THE

DARK BLUE.

MARCH, 1873.

AMADEO.

BY ADOLPHE SMITH.

'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'—*Shakespeare.*

IT was in 1870:-Paris had not yet capitulated; Europe was still under the evil influence of Marshal Prim's attempts to find a King for Spain, when Prince Amadeo of Savoy accepted the Crown of that ill-fated country. Many and complex were the circumstances which led to this result; for, if it was easy to overthrow Queen Isabella, it was a very difficult matter to select a successor. Two years were spent in the endeavour, and its final success did not last for a longer period. The Revolution of September, 1868, might be considered a vindication of the national honour, and there are few who did not applaud Spain when she overthrew a Queen with whom no respectable lady would care to be acquainted. That the Major-domo Marfori and Father Claret should seek refuge in Paris, that Gonzales Bravo could only find safety in flight, that no more *sabreurs* of the Narvaez type remained at the service of the Queen, were all matters of congratulation, among those who thought that a Court ought to set an example of private virtue, instead of vitiating the highest circles by the spectacle of its moral degradation. The Provisional Government which succeeded might have done much to remedy the evil of Isabella's reign, had it striven more to restore the material prosperity of the country than to revive the splendours of a Court. But Marshal Prim was a better general than statesman. He sought for a King who would depend upon him for the protection of the Crown, as the surest method of maintaining his own ascendancy. We know how that Crown was handed about:

how it was offered to Prince Hohenzollern, and how this offer inflamed the susceptibilities of Imperial France. Englishmen will not forget either, how, at a later period, a Harrow school-boy refused the same sceptre; and present events prove the wisdom of King Victor Emmanuel, when he advised Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, to continue peaceably his studies under the able tutetage of Mr. Matthew Arnold, rather than become the political pupil of Prim, Serrano, and Topete.

This lengthened and unsuccessful search for a King was not calculated to increase the prosperity of the country, and the strife of factions became more and more ominous as the ultimate solution of the monarchical difficulty was again and again deferred. It could not be expected that the different parties into which Spain is divided would submit patiently to such an anomaly as a Provisional Government which had lasted two years. Unionists, Montpensierists, Isabellines, Carlists, the partisans of a Regency, and Republicans, were all loud in their protestations, and yet they, one and all, seemed too weak to seize the reins of government. The Unionists were especially feeble, by reason of the Duke of Saldanha's *coup d'état;* for when this old veteran led the army into Lisbon on the 19th of May, and compelled the King to dismiss his Ministry, and appoint him Premier, it was well known that he would oppose all idea of Iberian unity; that he preferred playing the first part under Ferdinand, King of Portugal, to occupying a secondary position in the Legislature or army of Spain and Portugal united under the sway of the House of Braganza. For a moment the Montpensier candidature had seemed to prosper, but the drama of Alconon threw a shadow over this Prince, which but few cared to remove. That Don Enrique de Bourbon, the brother of Isabella, should profess Republican views, and make them a pretext for insulting a relative and a political rival, would have done Don Enrique himself far more injury than the Duke of Montpensier, had the latter left him alone, or, at the most, sought to justify himself before a jury of honour. He preferred, however, a duel—not one of those harmless little encounters so frequently arranged between French journalists, which generally end in a slight scratch, a sumptuous breakfast, with plenty of champagne to heal the wound! but a *bonâ fide* duel with pistols. Thus, on the morning of the 12th of March, 1870, the Duke of Montpensier deliberately aimed at and killed the poor, weak-minded brother of the exiled, dethroned Queen. The Provisional Government was compelled, for the sake of its own reputation, to inflict a fine on the culprit, and thus partially compensate the widow and children of the victim. The Duke, however, had so little sense of his position, and of the enormity which political ambi-

tion h.. him to commit, that, after an absence of only one month, he was back again at Madrid, busy intriguing for the Crown he had done so much to lose. In the face of such circumstances, it is not surprising that the Provisional Government did not care to put forward his candidature.

Such was the position when, in October of the same year, Marshal Prim, in his despair, offered the Crown of Spain to Prince Amadeo Ferdinand Maria of Savoy, Duke of Aosta, the third son born, and the second now living, of King Victor Emmanuel and his late consort, the daughter of Ferdinand III., Grand Duke of Tuscany. Amadeo was only twenty-five years old when this brilliant prospect was opened to him. He had been married three years to the Princess Maria, daughter of Prince Charles Emmanuel and his wife, the Countess de Mérode, both now deceased. A son, Emmanuel, then ten months old, was the first fruit of this union. With a young wife, and a happy, prosperous home, as brother to the heir apparent of the kingdom of Italy, then just united from the Alps to the Adriatic, with Rome for the capital, Amadeo might surely have left good alone. The experience of his sister, Princess Clotilde, might have served as a warning, now that her husband, Prince Napoleon, was an outcast from the country she had sought to adopt. But Amadeo was a scion of the most ancient reigning house in Europe, and it seems as if the idea of founding a new dynasty in the nineteenth century did not appal him, even when the great name of Napoleon and the unscrupulous skill of his nephew had so signally failed to accomplish the same object. Nevertheless, though to accept a crown, and such a crown, was a deed of the utmost boldness, in every other respect the political conduct of Amadeo was remarkable for its modesty and moderation. Indeed, his very appearance marked him as a frank, intelligent, good-natured gentleman, but nothing more. The homeliness of his deportment effectually dispelled any idea of a kingly presence. Many a simple hidalgo of his Court had more of the majesty of a king than Amadeo, and it is one of the disadvantages of royalty that it is compelled to keep up appearances. Amadeo is, it is true, rather tall, and height is always marked as a kingly attribute; but his features are irregular, his forehead is high and narrow, his nose rather long; his eyes are good, but his mouth much too prominent. A close black beard completes a physiognomy that bears the indelible stamp of the Southern Italian.

The Crown, offered in October to Amadeo, could not, however, be conferred without the sanction of the Cortes, and the Parliament therefore, met on the 15th of November to express its opinion. The vote—an ominous one—stood as follows:—Sixty-six deputies voted in favour of a Federal Republic, and three for an Unitarian Republic

the Montpensier candidature obtained twenty-seven suffrages; the veteran progressist, Espartero, notwithstanding all his efforts to make his partisans understand that he would not accept any post, whether as Regent, Dictator, or King, was voted for by eight deputies; the Duchess of Montpensier, as Regent, it is to be presumed, had only one single vote recorded in her favour; and the Prince of Asturias, whose candidature had been loudly proclaimed and acclaimed abroad, found on the voting-day but two supporters. It will have been seen, then, from this list, that there remained but few deputies free to vote for Amadeo. For the election of a definite form of Government, it had been decided that a hundred and seventy-nine favourable votes were indispensable; Amadeo only obtained a hundred and ninety-one, thus it would have sufficed for twelve members to have changed their minds at the last moment, and the Duke of Aosta could not have reigned over Spain. This success was a meagre one, and his majority so small, that in a changeable country like Spain, no sensible man could have felt himself in a secure position.

If the legal expression of opinion in the Cortes had not been very favourable to the coming King, a criminal one soon occurred in the streets, of a still more menacing nature. While Amadeo was yet on his way towards Spain to assume her crown, the author of his candidature was struck down by the hands of assassins. As Marshal Prim was passing in the Calle de Alcada, on the 28th of December, several shots were fired at him, and the inflammation which arose from a wounded finger was so great that he died on the 30th of the same month. The next day Amadeo landed at Carthagena, to be informed that the greatest support of his throne had already fallen. If Amadeo had been other than a brave man, his first instinct might have prompted him to return on board, and seek a safer existence in his own country. But, the die was cast; and it was not so easy to nip new hopes in the bud. Doubtless, Amadeo derived confidence and courage from the consciousness of his own good intentions. In the midst of the festivities and ceremonies generally observed on a royal passage, Amadeo travelled towards the capital, and the second day of the new year found him about to enter Madrid. This entry was no agreeable task. He had to traverse a revolutionary population, where many a fevered mind would not scruple to use gun, pistol, or dagger. There was a mystery hanging over the town. An undercurrent of opinion—whose depth and force it was impossible to estimate, troubled every mind. But a day before, Marshal Prim, its victim, had been carried with all due solemnity to the grave. Threats from the rebel quarter had been made that no pains would be spared or danger avoided to rid Spain of her enemies by those means which all know

had already proved but too successful a few days beforehand! Who were these enemies to whom the secret society alluded,—if not the supporters of Amadeo? Had not Prim been struck down? Might not the King whom he had supported now share his fate? All the efforts of the police to detect the authors of the crime had proved futile; it was not even known if the attempt came from the Carlists or the Republicans; while, the facility with which the culprits had made good their escape, without leaving the least trace, seemed to indicate either great, and therefore dangerous, skill on their part, or the existence of popular sympathy, devoted to their concealment.

With all these thoughts haunting him, the young King rode steadily through the streets of his capital to the Atocha Church, where the body of Marshal Prim lay in its last repose. Far from seeking to hide from himself the dangers by which he was encompassed, the King chose to swear fidelity to the Constitution over the very grave of the powerful leader whose life had been sacrificed because of his devotion to that form of government of which Amadeo had become the nominal chief. Will it be surprising, then, that a population, even hostile in its sentiments, should be carried away by enthusiasm at this display of feeling and courage. It is unnecessary to add that the streets re-echoed with loud cries of '*Viva el Rey!*' When the ceremony at the church was over, the King's first thought was to give solace to the Marshal's widow by honouring her, before all others, with a personal visit. Then ensued another ceremony which must have required even more strength of mind. The King had to appear before the *Cortes Constituyentes*, and there assume the crown and seize the identical sceptre that *Charles Quint* himself was wont to wield. But the time had not yet come for Amadeo to begin his parliamentary experience. It sufficed that the Cortes should have elected a King; it was now dissolved, so that the nation might enjoy an opportunity of testifying its will as to the kind of Ministry which should represent the monarch. The Cortes was not to assemble till April, and Marshal Serrano was called upon to continue the conciliatory policy of Prim *ad interim*. This influential and able leader has, however, always sinned through indolence, and it is only by the most minute and constant attention that the heterogeneous elements of a coalition ministry can be saved from collision.

Had it not been for the constant threat of assassination, the King might have enjoyed the early portion of his reign. But danger was always imminent. So great was the insecurity of all Royalists, that Senor Zorilla was compelled to surround himself constantly by a body-guard; and, on one occasion, he had a very narrow escape. An offer had been made to disclose the assassins of Prim, if he—Zorilla—would

meet a stranger at a certain house. Zorilla had no suspicion of the truth, and waited at the place indicated till long after the appointed time. On his return home, he was rewarded by being persistently and repeatedly shot at. Seven bullets passed within an inch or so of his person. Here, again, no trace of the culprits was discovered. The King's popularity was in nowise affected by these events, and he was received with warm welcome at Alicante, where he went to meet the Queen, who had been dangerously ill, on her way to Spain.

The elections to the Cortes were also most favourable, perhaps too favourable, for many doubted their sincerity. The new Assembly was composed of 50 Carlists, 45 Republicans, 15 Moderates, 13 Montpensierists, and 230 Ministerialists. The Senate was divided into the following parties:—3 Montpensierists, 2 Dynastic Moderates, 6 Moderates, 8 Republicans, and 132 Ministerialists. It was before this Assembly that the King made those modest declarations which he has observed with so much honour and steadfastness, even to the point of resigning his Crown. His words were memorable, and may be translated as follows:—'I am resolved to consecrate myself to the difficult and glorious task I have loyally and voluntarily accepted, and which I will preserve so long as I enjoy the confidence of this loyal people; on whom, however, I will *never* attempt to impose myself.' (*Que conservaré mientos no me falter la confianza de este leal pueblo, á quien jamas trataré de imponerme.*)

Everyone who heard the speech noticed the emphasis placed on the word *jamas*, and it became to Spanish politics as the famous *Jamais* of the French Empire. The King concluded this speech by giving up, in pathetic terms, his wife and his children to the care of his adopted country.

Much might be said relating to that parliamentary career which followed on this speech. It was one long series of experiments and defeats. Indeed, the answer to the King's declaration could only be carried by 183 votes against 98, notwithstanding the great Parliamentary majority of the Ministry. Religious contentions added to the acrimony on all sides. Among the Carlists, Pius IX. was represented as the Virgin bruising the serpent's head, which objectionable reptile was a delicate allusion to Amadeo. Serrano's Ministry fell to pieces; Zorilla tried his hand at government with the assistance of the Radicals; then he was outvoted by Sagasta's followers, who had hardly formed a new Cabinet with Malcampo, before they too were beaten. The confusion was so great that in January, 1871, the Senate and Cortes had to be dissolved; but even during the interim of re-elections, the Government could not hold together. It was at this juncture that the King insisted on the formation of a Parliament composed of only

two parties—Conservatives and Radicals. Political opinions, however, cannot be squared like a chess-board. The new elections again gave a majority to the Government; yet the Assembly was then challenged by the armed Carlists, whose rising has never been completely put down. Zorilla, Segasta, Serrano, Topete, Malcampo, Zabala, and even the moral support of Espartero, could do nothing towards establishing a stable Government. In this short reign the Cortes was dissolved four times, seven Cabinets were overthrown, and two Ministerial crises occurred, on an average, in every month. It is impossible to count the number of different ministers appointed and dismissed. The reign began by a political assassination, and two more were attempted during its course—one on the person of Zorilla, the other on the King himself.

The courage Amadeo displayed on this occasion won him much admiration, and his subsequent journey through Spain seemed to us, at a distance, one long triumphal progress. But how was it that so few private mansions were open to him? Why did the best society of Old Castile shun the young King? and, finally, why did the Duchess de la Torre refuse to stand sponsor at the baptism of the royal child? May this last blow, which did more to make the cup of humiliation overflow than the resignation of all the officers in the artillery, be attributed to the same cause? Was it party feeling that isolated the King from Spanish society? Yet, the leaders of the Conservatives, indeed, every political party, attempted, in turn, to govern for and not against him. If cause there were, may it not be reasonable to presume that the sins of the father were not only visited on the son, but that there was something in the Court of King Amadeo which recalled the notorious laxity of *Il Ré Galantuomo*. In all cases, what is pardonable in Italy, would not be overlooked in Spain, where, so far back as the seventeenth century, public opinion was so strict that Murillo and other famous Spanish masters did not dare expose even the foot of the Virgin on their canvas.

But, however this may be, Amadeo, politically speaking, did his best; it is not often that kings so faithful to their promises, so eager to reign only by the will of the people, are to be found in history. Amadeo had not forgotten the *Jamas* of his opening speech; and when, after a brief trial of two years, he realised that he did not command an emphatic majority in the country, he nobly threw down his crown, and asked, for sole compensation, to enjoy the right and honour of being only a Spanish citizen! Thus there is no longer any danger of bloodshed on his account; it would be well if as much could be said for the other pretenders. None have a serious chance of success, and yet all are on the alert to seize the prize. What chance is

there for the blood-stained Montpensier, or the antedated Carlist, whose sole strength is in the ignorance and fanaticism of a semi-barbarous peasantry? What prospect is there for the dethroned and dishonoured Queen Isabella, the effete Don Francis, or the Prince of Asturias, whose return is almost synonymous with the reinstatement of his mother? The Hohenzollern candidature is, it is said, revived; but will Spain forget that the German Prince is, on his mother's side, the direct descendant of the Murat who bombarded Madrid, and whose victims are mourned by almost every family in Catalonia? If Amadeo failed, who can hope to succeed? A King may be imposed by force, but can never ingratiate himself incontestibly among the Spaniards. The time has come for pretenders to follow the great example set them by Amadeo. Of whatever opinion, whether Conservative, Liberal, Radical, or Republican, the student of Spanish affairs must now recognise, in the division of parties, the multiplicity of impracticable pretenders, and the growth of democratic opinions, that the most feasible and the most just solution is the triumph of the Republic.

The British Army.

By Francis Peek.

The British Army, of whose achievements the nation is justly so proud, is now undergoing a vital change in its organisation, and it will be well if this change is carefully watched in all its stages, not only by professional critics, but by the whole English nation.

The old system under which our army was recruited, organised, and commanded, and which passed away last year, seems on retrospect to have been as bad as can well be conceived. Its soldiers largely recruited by deception, its officers promoted not by merit but by money; its organisation without any attempt at system, and the neglect of the soldier so great that a general, in reviewing his career from an ensign in the Peninsula through a long service in China, India, Burmah, and the Crimea, sums up his review in these words:—'The only matter that seemed to be considered of no importance by the authorities was the health and welfare of British soldiers,' and although these brave men have carried England's fame throughout the world, and shed their blood like water in many a hard-fought battle, this has been accomplished by the sterling courage, fidelity, and endurance of their race, in spite of, not because of, the system under which they fought and died. The thankless return they have for the most part received for all their courage, the injustice of their treatment, and their cruel sufferings from official red-tapism and professional ignorance, blots many a page of English history, and reached their climax in the incredible mismanagement of the Crimean war, when, through long winter months, England's bravest sons in scant ragged clothing, without a shelter from the cold and rain, starved, suffered, and died, for want of necessary food and clothes, while within easy reach were abundant supplies.

The distrust of the principles on which our military organisation

rested, produced by this terrible breakdown, was by no means without its effect, but so strong was the power of prejudice, and of the vested interests involved, that it required a more astonishing spectacle to rouse us to the effort of doing that which has been justly described as taking our army out of pawn, without which no real reform was possible. This spectacle was provided by the result of the war between France and Germany, when the most perfect professional army, trained and disciplined under the imperial system of France, succumbed before the national army of Germany. It required but little reflection to perceive that there was too much similarity between the French system and our own, while all the advantages were on the side of the former. Recruited by conscription, the French had the choice of the best men their country could afford, while we were compelled to take what we could get. Supported without regard to cost, all that money could do to make the army perfect was done in France, and if this so miserably failed, what chance could there be for our own, so much smaller, and with the same faults, but without its advantages? Such thoughts compelled the long-deferred attempt to reorganise the army contained in Mr. Cardwell's scheme of last Session, and the first step was taken to form a national as contrasted with a professional army. So far, however, we have made but small progress, and there is need of the greatest care lest, trying to accommodate the necessities of the present with the prejudices of the past, we go altogether wrong.

To judge rightly on the subject, we must first consider the essential difference between a professional and a national army; taking the former as represented by our army of the past, as well as by that of every country which is governed by despotism; and the latter by the armies of Germany, America, and Switzerland.

The principle of a professional army is that its soldiers are recruited for the best part of their lives, that the soldier feels once in the ranks he belongs to the army, that his fortune is bound up with it, that between him and the civilian there is a gulf of separation. The principle of the national army, on the contrary, is that the citizen, being bound to defend his country, serves such a time as may be deemed necessary for the purpose of making him an efficient soldier, and no longer, remaining all the time a civilian in heart and affection. Such is the German army of the present day, before which the professional army of France melted away; such is the army which France is intending to provide, and such is the army which England must have, if she is to rest in honour and safety. But to obtain this we must break entirely with the past. The army of the past is indeed gone. We can never return to the system under which the bold, ignorant peasantry of England were enticed by the lies and deceits of the recruiting

sergeant, and, having received the shilling in their hands, became, under cruel penalties, the slaves for life of the Crown. Education has made the peasantry too wary to be caught in such a trap, and the public conscience is too aroused to permit sufficiently severe punishment to the deserter to keep the entrapped soldier to the ranks. In consequence of this, the character of the recruits has for long been deteriorating, and 5,000 deserters during the past year shows the unhealthy state at which we have arrived. Instead of seeking a true remedy, our military authorities have, for many years, fallen back upon the last resort of all despotism, and tried, by pandering to the passions of the soldiery, to make them content with their position, hence a number of vile laws passed by Commons and Peers, and sad to say, receiving (no doubt from ignorance) the signature of the Queen herself; laws which not only dishonour the country, insult while they grievously injure women, but which, by their *educating power*, teach the soldier that dishonour, cruelty, and cowardice, are among the lawful rights of the British soldier.

One of these laws, contained in the 40th section of the Mutiny Act,* will illustrate this assertion: 'No soldier shall be liable for not maintaining any relation (including his wife) or child, which if not a soldier, he might by law be compelled to maintain.'

Such is the law which, year by year, has been approved by the British legislature—a law which teaches the soldier that his country exculpates him from the consequences of his own wrongdoing, that it makes it his legal right to deceive, betray, and ruin any confiding woman, and then allow her and his own offspring to starve upon the street. The following report is a specimen of the result:—

'At the Bow-street Police Court, London, April, 1872, Ann Nook, a respectable-looking girl, was charged on remand with having deserted her infant, by leaving it within the gates of the Wellington Barracks, Birdcage-walk. It appeared from the evidence of the landlady of a coffeehouse in Bloomsbury-street that the prisoner, who had been in her service, and *conducted herself very respectably*, had been receiving the attentions of a private in the Fusiliers, who in the letters he sent signed himself "George." The soldier had promised her marriage, but did not keep his engagement. A request was made that the prisoner might be allowed a summons against the father. Mr. Flowers said that the present was *a very hard case* for the girl. She had allowed herself to be misled, and a man had done her the greatest wrong possible, yet he could not be compelled to support the child he was the father of, for, by the 40th section of the Mutiny

* We are rejoiced to learn that Mr. Cardwell has decided to abandon this iniquitous clause.

Act, soldiers were specially exempted from claims of this description. He could not, therefore, help the prisoner; but he should order her to be discharged, believing that she did not intend a desertion of the child as contemplated by the criminal law.'

And for its more general result we have the authority of Sir John Bowring for stating that *no less than seventy cases of seduction and bastardy* came before the Exeter magistrates as the consequence of the stay in the barracks, *for only a few months*, of the cavalry regiment that had been quartered there; but to no one of these injured mothers, and innocent, helpless children, does the law afford any assistance.

Presuming this is not an exceptional case, it follows that about 2,000 women are ruined each year, and the same number of bastards, with their mothers, thrown upon the ratepayers, as the fruit of this vile legislation.

Is it, in face of such facts, without cause that towns petition against being made military centres, and that respectable parents shrink from their children becoming soldiers? while the suggestion that ministers of religion should point out to peasants the *advantages* of military life was received by the religious press with a burst of indignation. It seems, indeed, that corruption of morals is a necessary result of a professional army; but the folly is to think that the morally corrupt man can be faithful in anything, and that the seducer of the woman, who forsakes her in her agony, and his own child in its helplessness, can be relied on to defend the homes of his country. If we are to have a national army we must make the profession an honourable vocation, and every law which corrupts it, or implies its corruption, must be swept away. The best of England's sons will not join our army, on which the respectable part of the community look down, and which requires special legislation to protect it from the consequences of its own immorality; while the fact that the nation is so short of soldiers that, for the sake of retaining a few scoundrels in the ranks, its legislators yearly pass a law as impious as it is cruel, which relieves men who have once donned the Queen's uniform from the most sacred of duties—namely, those which a father owes to his offspring, and which man owes to woman—stamps the service with disgrace. Before we can hope for a truly national army, we must sweep away all such shameful legislation, and make it an honour to serve in its ranks.

Among much that is good in the scheme of organisation proposed by Mr. Cardwell, there is one fatal defect. It is the time for which recruits are to be enlisted, namely, seven years. This is far too long a time to train men for a national, and too short for a professional, army.

It is of the utmost importance that an army should be capable of rapid expansion, so that a moderate standing army might, in time of war, be raised to necessary proportions. This can only be done by a strong reserve, and this can only be formed by a considerable portion of the men undergoing short service in the ranks, and then being transferred to the reserve. Three years seems the utmost limit necessary or desirable for this purpose; there can be no doubt the time is amply sufficient, if properly improved, to perfect the soldier's training, and every day beyond this is a waste of money, and a weakening of the reserve.

Take, for instance, a standing army of 80,000 men, enlisted for seven years with the colours, and seven years in the reserve, it is evident (not allowing for deductions) we should, in case of need, be able to call 160,000 men to the ranks; but with an army of only 60,000 men, enlisted for three years in the army, and seven in the reserve, we should, saving one-fourth of the expense, be able to call over 180,000 men to the ranks.

The limitation of service for three years, besides being far more economical and efficient, has other scarcely less important advantages. It would, probably, secure a much better class of men; many who would object to pass seven of their best years in the army would gladly submit to three, to secure the advantages now offered to reserve men in pay and appointments; seven years is also a long enough period to spoil most men for industrious civil life. All the moral advantages are also on the side of a short service, the man who knows he has but such a short time before returning to his friends, feels that he has a character at stake, and as under Mr Cardwell's scheme the battalions will be raised from the country surrounding the depôt, it is fair to presume this will have a vast influence in checking that immorality which, fostered by the vile laws above referred to, has made the British army a terror to the community among which its regiments are located.

There would necessarily have to be a certain proportion enlisted for service abroad for a longer period, which could be done by having one battalion at each centre recruited for this purpose, and, as the rest would be short service men, there would be less difficulty in finding sufficient among the population who desired a soldier's life for its own sake. The reserve would also find employment for numberless half-pay officers, who would only be too glad, under fair conditions, to continue their services to the nation. On every account, therefore, the three years' service for a large proportion of the home army, with seven years in the first reserve, and afterwards nine years in the militia, seems the true solution of the present difficulty.

It seems, also, of great importance that the privileged corps should

be done away with. Picked regiments, as France found to her own cost, mean the deterioration of the rest. The place of honour should belong to the regiment that carried the greatest list of triumphs on its colours, and not depend on the height of the men or the texture of their clothes.

Make the life of a soldier a busy one while in the ranks; give him some privacy, the want of which, by compelling large numbers of men to eat, live, and sleep in the same room, too often degrades the tone of the whole to that of the worst men in it. Stamp out the traditions of idleness and immorality, and keep him only sufficiently long in the ranks to make him a thoroughly efficient soldier, and our national army may be made an educator to our country, and an advantage to the localities in which its battalions are located as well as economical in time of peace and efficient in time of war.

BISMARCK AND THIERS.

By Robert Batson.

THIERS indulges in omniscience as a smoker in cigars, or a Bacchanal in wines. The Great Unknown is to the President of the French Republic simply a full-flavoured morsel, a mellow drop to roll on the tip of his eloquent tongue. Bacon took all knowledge for his province. Thiers succeeds to all knowledge as his inheritance. The humble Newton described himself as a mere child picking up shells on a beech, while the boundless Ocean of Knowledge rolled before him unexplored. The stars come to Thiers to be named. These pretensions, however, to a prerogative, hardly, if at all, short of divine, have formed the theme of one of the most remarkable lampoons that has been published for some time: 'The Man who Knows Everything.' This is a more enviable distinction than 'The Man of Sedan,' and more definite than the 'Man in the Moon.' It shows us how Thiers out-Herods Herod, out-Pio-Nonos Pio-Nono, how he has established a sort of secular infallibility on his own account, without an Œcumenical Council to give him a lift to heaven. There is nothing which Thiers does not know, from the command of an army to the cookery of a chop. He talks encyclopædias. He would lecture Moltke on the art of war, Vattel on gastronomy, Ingres on painting. Certes, M. Sarcisque is to be congratulated both on his subject and his treatment. The interview which he records with such gusto between Thiers and Bazaine is in itself a poem. On the arrival of the Marshal, Thiers burst out, 'I was waiting for your visit, being very anxious to explain the very unfortunate and disastrous capitulation of Metz.' The Marshal stood aghast.

Thiers proceeded to demonstrate how he was more familiar with the whole business than he was himself, procuring a few parcels of the information lodged in the mammoth warehouse of his brains, from German generals, English journalists, and the European Bismarck. For two hours he pictured to Bazaine the details of the scene in which

he had been chief actor. Finally he bowed him out of the chamber, gave him his hand, and thanked Bazaine for the gems of edifying conversation which he had showered out of the casket of his special experience, saying that 'assuredly history can only be written by those who are fortunate enough to hear it narrated by men who have taken part in it.' It will thus be seen that Thiers knows everything. He has the usual number of minds, but that one answers every purpose. In fact, what Thiers knows startlingly reminds one of Castor's nose. The celebrated feature served its master for a pickaxe. When he snored, as Wordsworth said of the sonnet in the hands of Milton, 'The thing became a trumpet.' It was a billhook for the vintage, an anchor for a ship, a coulter for a plough, a hook for fishing, a chisel for carpentering, a hatchet, a knocker for a door. The all-embracing cranium of Thiers is equally versatile. Among its brilliant uses, it anchors the State, fishes for fame, knocks at the door of popularity, blows its own trumpet, and interrogates Bazaine.

Now, if Thiers shares the knowledge of Bazaine, why not his guilt? This, however, concerns the two men rather than France. Thiers gives France a policy, not of sewage, but revenge. Suppressed sewage is more wholesome than suppressed revenge. Before France can shoot Prussia she must aim. Before she can aim, she must be steady. Before she can be steady, she must value home. French greed of European admiration must yield to French respect for the esteem of Frenchmen. Indeed, the dismal foreboding of Thiers himself that 'our union will be broken up,' sharpens the edge of the now fashionable inquiry, What, after all, is the root of the unique social fragility of France? If late events prove anything, the loss of French faith in the kinship of blood. Whereas the English nation is domestic to the core, family ties, as such, are anything but welcome in France, as is too clearly shown by her stagnant population. If it is an ungracious task to invite the plaudits of her troubled people for 'our noble selves,' ancient Rome did more than half the work of the world, because she was saturated with reverence for household gods. The vast orb of her empire was the largest of many concentric rings. But the first was the family circle. The dutiful Father of the Roman family was the salt of the disciplined earth. Round the male head revolved the family. The agglomeration of families resulted in the gentlemen of that iron pavement of Roman society, the *gens* or house. The agglomeration of houses made the tribe. The convergences of tribes composed the commonwealth. Substitute for the universal cement of national kinship the separate bonds of local contiguity. What follows? The eloquent name Versailles, the isolation of Paris, sheets of blood and fire. No lasting union is possible for France till she espouses that faith, in the kinship of blood,

which is the only ground of community in the political function of nations, and which has its only root in a reverence for the family. France has to reconstitute that social block, out of which armies are hewn. Unfortunately, Thiers can find no better cure for the present state of things than his own superb strategy, which is imposing indeed, but no less hypothetical. At the same time he is mainly responsible for their aggravated condition. No man, says the proverb, becomes very bad all at once. No revolution realises its miracles of monstrous audacity in the twinkle of a bloodshot eye. On the stage of the great French revolution, figured first Mounier and the morning stars of the diabolical firmament, then La Fayette and his still brighter colleagues, then Vergniaud and the Girondists, then the still bolder cataclysm of Danton, then his compatriots in the massacre of September, then their old allies and new butchers, Robespierre and his triumvirate. Here, indeed, was a terminus. The power of human rage could not advance further. Thus the ferocity of the Gambetta *régime* stiffened into that of Thiers, of the Thiers party into the Commune, when its old allies and new butchers the Versaillais destroyed the advocates of fraternity, and perpetrated horrors from which the first rebels against the established authority of France would have recoiled.

As statesmanship, in the words of Goldwin Smith, is the art of avoiding revolutions, the art of making them should be christened by some other name. Nor does it follow that the leisurely and drowsy attitude presented by Thiers to the Commune was, in itself, the climax of foreseeing sagacity, because after allowing the eggs to tumble out of the basket, he proves himself the only man in France who can replace them without falling. True, what France thirsts for is not a Louis XIV., nor a Napoleon Bonaparte, with a cocked hat and a cocked gun; not a stony, incompetent, nor yet reckless adviser, who may at any moment surprise cosy travellers on 'the old lines of the constitution,' by whirling the engine off its rails, tearing up the earth, crushing life, blocking the way. France does not require to be dragged along new lines of limitless autocratic desire. But neither, on the other hand, is she to be advantageously dosed by a procrastinating patriot, who takes months to stamp out a fiery knot of anarchic ruffians, whom he ought to have kicked into oblivion long before allowing them the chance of combating his sway. The rest of France is not the equilibrium of force, nor the fruit of management, but the necessity of exhaustion. It is idle to pretend that Thiers has developed muscles of statesmanship sufficiently brawny to cope with the imperious apostle of blood and iron. A financial stopgap is not enough. The man of the hour should have room in his capacious idiosyncrasy for the most lofty powers. Of the patriotism, intrepidity,

conciliation, organisation, breadth, productiveness, insight, promptitude, which the Atlantean emergency demands, Thiers possesses in full degree only the patriotism, while of some of the qualities named, such as the promptitude, he does not possess the ghost of a straw. What France wants is a man more astute than Colbert, and wiser than Richelieu, with the will of a Cromwell—a genius of inexorable logic and supremely sensitive tact, a creature protruding the horns of a dilemma, and withdrawing the horns of a snail. What France cries for, like a susceptible child in the dark; what France is dying for, is a man whom she may comfortably trust to move the lever which is to decide whether the stupendous social machine is to go backwards or forwards, who shall regulate the speed and utilise forces, so as to wed despatch to steadiness and safety; a man—a paragon if you will—of clear head, true heart, firm hand; a genius who may control the destinies of the troubled Continent and give back France to France. How short Thiers comes of the expectation of his countrymen may be gathered from the fact that when Bismarck was said to be about to put his foot upon the flaring lunacy of the Commune, it was announced that Prince Bismarck, the buttress of extreme Parliament right, feudal practices, patrimonial jurisdiction, absolutism incarnate was likely to be 'more popular than Thiers,' to be the idol of the city, which was then in love with Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, no debt, common dining tables, common theatres, common everything. The clue to the paradox is not far to seek. Invariably after French failure, comes French reckoning, French reaction. Napoleon failed—up with Gambetta; Gambetta failed—up with Thiers; Thiers failed, —up with his antetype, Prince Bismarck, the man of reticence, self-control, judgment, decision. However, the entrance of Bismarck into Paris as special constable was but a myth. Six months after we heard that in the absence of a great Frenchman, Thiers was to have the collar of the Golden Fleece placed round his neck, as the President of France. The Duc d'Ossuna was to figure largely in the interesting ceremony. Indeed, it was hinted that the enormous noble would be unable to fasten the Golden Fleece round M. Thiers' neck unless the little President mounted a chair. Anyhow, the audacious Thiers would have been equal to the occasion. One thinks of those lines of Medea.

It was for Thiers to determine—

> To hang, to the dark God his own restoring,
> The fleece, on which not the dread flames had power.

To the well-wisher of France, there is something slightly sickening in the notion of Thiers being invested with that fleecy dress of little

brief authority, of which not the dread flames of the Commune, which broke out in consequence of his hardiness, were able to disrobe him. France had been fleeced.

A very different picture is presented by Bismarck. It is especially interesting to see him as he besports himself on his estate at Varzin. Moreover, 'his letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting.' All this is in lively tune with the 'mad Bismarck,' who went to the University of Gottingen in the year 1832—the interesting year of our first Reform Bill—and rode, hunted, drank, emptied huge bumpers of porter and champagne, half-and-half, as no wild lad had done before the august statesman, who was destined to shake Europe. Then 'he is noted for his kindness to the villagers.' Gratitude, no doubt, to his admiring countrymen for their many presents, cosy railway carriages, delicious Rhine wines! But expediency is as sharp a spur as gratitude itself, and like the people's William, so the people's Otto is a friend to the poor. In spite of his deep-rooted feudal creed and programme, Bismarck has carried many popular economical reforms, and, as will not have escaped the recollection of the reader, even pursued his coquetry with the mob so far as to propose to the agitator Lassalle, a league with the Conservative party against the Fortschritt's clique. Bismarck laughs—ay, as heartily as Nash laughs in the song at Evans's—at Parliamentary control, is secretly opposed to a free press, has autocracy for the crown and spire of his massive policy, but democracy for its plausible foundation. Napoleon lovingly divided a small stall of gingerbreads among a happy family of French children, and Bismarck, wherever he goes, 'is noted for his kindness to the villagers.' It takes six hours to drive round Bismarck's estate at Varzin: how long to get round Bismarck? The grateful Emperor of Germany enriched him with tolerably substantial pickings out of the war indemnity. It was natural for the over-worked statesman to enjoy the rich fruit of his rare acumen. I wonder whether Bismarck ever at Varzin pondered over the old days, when he was a reckless student, and a more reckless rider; when he alternated deep metaphysics with deeper potations; when he thought, or perhaps did not think, of all the large excitement which the coming years would yield; when 'mad Bismarck' was sowing his wild oats, and drinking the produce of the free and happy barley, when he drained murdered champagne, and the sparkling Moselle was a French river; when the powder in his pouch was only for duels with civilians, and the pouches under his eyes only meant last night's debauch with friends; when Lorraine the Marquis had not been taught by Vivian Grey to brew punch; when Lorraine the annexed department had not prompted proprietors to brew donations

and compliments of the good Rhine wine for the Bismarck of history; when he had no cares and no little boy to count his bottles of brandy, as indices of the number of days father was to be away; when but the germ of that man was seen, who has since united Germany, vanquished Ultramontanism, crippled Austria, helped himself to two large slices of Denmark, and two richer slices of France. Some, I know, object to toasting 'mere success.' But I never yet met a man who preferred toasting 'mere failure.' I love to think of Bismarck, after the fearful worry of war, a boy again, hunting the wild swine in his new park at Varzin; with his old harum-scarum days at Gottingen for a refreshing precedent and bluff Victor Emmanuel for a lusty rival, or meditating in the populous bird-peopled shade of his grand beeches, antique oaks, firs, birch trees, and pines. Soon, however, the restless man of action left Varzin; soon he returned. Sleeplessness—that sure symptom of an over-taxed brain—in this age of steam, many of us lash the cerebellum too severely—overtook the hard-working giant, and sent him to doze at Varzin again. But while I sympathise with the invalid, I 'reserve all rights' to criticise the statesman. Of all the astounding contrasts to the truth that it has ever amused the wily Bismarck, as diplomatist to weave, commend me to the delicious irony of the assertion before the German Parliament, that 'It is true the aversion of the populace of Alsace and Lorraine is an obstacle to such a measure [annexation]; still, the population is thoroughly German, forming a sort of aristocracy in France, by virtue of its noble and Teutonic qualities.'

Now, it is as correct as Euclid is correct, or as some old maids insist on their love-attracting nieces being correct, to say that the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine are descendants of the most warlike races of the ancient world, the semi-Teutonic Belgœ of the Rhine and the Moselle. But both Alsace and Lorraine, and especially Alsace, are French to the core, tempestuously Celtic all over, Celts ingrained, Celts to the teeth which they grind, and the heels which they kick at the oppressor, or at any other foe. No student of history in Europe knows better than Bismarck that in 1836 Alsace was hot-blooded in the cause of Imperialism; that in 1840 it was hot-blooded in the cause of Republicanism; that in the game of love, the game of war, the game of politics, whatever the colour of its political programme, hot-blooded it cannot fail to be. Then, if Bismarck claims as among 'its noble and Teutonic qualities,' its razor-edged acumen, its advanced educational status, and its abnormal stress of industry, how about its rampant crime? The fact is, that in the dash and sparkle, the fiery vivacity which have ever goaded the son of Alsace in the spheres of vice, toil, passionate attachment, erudition, and all others to extremes,

a more Celtic effervescence of character it is difficult to imagine seething. Indeed, Bismarck owned as much when he proceeded to say, 'We shall strive to win back this population by means of Teutonic patience and love.' Is it not rather odd to want 'Teutonic patience and love' for the cure of Teutonic patience and love, 'the noble and Teutonic qualities of the population'? It is rather Celtic impetuosity and spirit, which these virtues of the fast-expanding Prussia of the period, if they existed, would have to encounter. Altogether the idea of the blood-and-iron Bismarck, blowing hot and cold in one hybrid breath, lauding the men of Alsace and Lorraine to the skies for being Teutons, then proposing to change them into Teutons, announcing his intention of causing the descendants of men who used to save 12,000 or 15,000 francs in four or five years by the trade of plying as substitutes for the conscription to fall in love with the fascinating tyranny of Prussia is pitched just a key too high for any but the most tried risible nerves. As a matter of fact, the 'patience' of fast-grasping Prussia is only eclipsed in singularity by her dreadful love. Bismarck's audacity of statement is really too whimsical. Who does not revel in the admiration of the daring brain? The fact is that Bismarck is the world's Otto, humanity's friend. Bismarck has the good wishes of the world, for he is one of those men who somehow or other establish a character for having 'agreeable impressions' of those whom they meet, and who yet have everything all their own way. We were told that his impressions of Thiers were agreeable, yet Bismarck was not agreeable to the revictualling of Paris. We were told that his impressions of Jules Favre were agreeable, yet Bismarck was not agreeable to the passage of a post-bag through the iron belt of the besiegers. We were told that his impressions of Mr. Odo Russell and his impressions of M. Pouyer Quertier were agreeable, yet neither gentleman exactly won Bismarck's heart. Bismarck's impressions are really agreeable, in consequence of his keenly-humorous conviction of a great fact. The great fact to which I refer is that it is possible to be an accomplished man of the world, to exhibit to the utmost refinement all the wiles of diplomatic finesse, and yet to mean nothing agreeable. Yet when Bismarck does not even appear to be agreeable, his harshness is, by his own account, thrust upon him by some extraneous irresistible force. At one time it is the king, at another the people, at another the military party. Bismarck makes a promise under a real pressure, to break it under a pretended one. In 1866 Bismarck offered Napoleon some coal-fields near Saarbruck, if he would keep quiet during the bitter tiff between Austria and Prussia. In 1867 Napoleon claimed as the reward of his heroic neutrality the stipulated prize; but Bismarck politely regretted his

inability to surmount the grave obstacles to the arrangement interposed by the popular will. Bismarck on another occasion stated that he personally would be satisfied with the dismantling of Metz, but he really could not gratify Thiers on the point, because of the cruel Moltke and the inexorable military party. Here, then, is to be found the most glaring point of contrast between Louis Adolphe Thiers and Otto Bismarck. Thiers persuades himself that he is strong, where he is weak. Bismarck persuades other people that he is weak, where he is strong. Thiers and Bismarck both believe in themselves, if not the most noble, certainly the most useful faith under heaven. Thiers is absorbed only in his own merits. Bismarck pretends to be absorbed only in the merits of everybody else. It would be hard to refute the cynic who should observe that Thiers is Bounce, Bismarck Blarney personified, two splendidly-rewarded virtues, of which it is difficult to decide for certain which reflects the greater credit on human nature.

Firmian's Visit to the Earth.

By H. D. Traill.

On a certain day in the year 2034 (Old Style)—or, to speak more accurately, on the 14th of Darwin, '61—a balloon might have been observed, if the surrounding region had offered a favourable standpoint for observation, proceeding at a rapid pace towards the moon.

Its occupants were a youth and a man of about seventy years of age. The latter officiated as charioteer, and guided the aëry vehicle upon its course with a hand rendered indeed less habile by advancing years, but which, nevertheless, exhibited much of that dexterity only gained from long experience. The youth sat with his eyes intently fixed upon the orb which they were now very rapidly approaching, and showed in his whole manner and attitude the eagerness of a sated tourist returning to his home.

Firmian (for it was indeed he) was the first to break silence.

'Can you make out anyone, Daniel?' he inquired.

'Yes, Sir,' answered his companion, after a pause. 'I can see the old master on the lawn, and Missus and Miss Selina looking out of the drawing-room windows.'

The youth sprang to his feet, and peered eagerly from the car.

'Yes!' he cried, exultingly, after a moment's gaze; 'there they are. Come, all's well at home, at any rate.'

A few minutes more, and the balloon touched the moon; the grappling-irons were made fast, and Firmian sprang out into the arms of a venerable old man.

'Father!'

'My boy! How glad I am to have you home again.'

'And I to find myself there. And mother, too, and little Selina, looking as blooming as when I left!'

The maiden blushed coyly, and, to hide her confusion, stooped as though to pick up an aërolite.

'Well, Firmian,' said his father, 'and so you are really glad to be back again on the old satellite.'

'Glad!' replied Firmian, with elation. 'Glad to have my foot once more upon my native moon! Can you ask me?'

The father's eyes brightened at his son's enthusiasm. He was proud of the heavenly body which he had made his adopted home; and was glad to find that a year's sojourn on the earth had not weaned his boy's affection from the orb of his birth, and that the moral attraction of the lately-visited planet was kept in check by the centrifugal force of home affections.

'Come, let us go into the house,' he said; 'you must be hungry after your long journey, and dinner, as you know, is not till seven. We have one of the old green cheeses, in excellent condition.'

Firmian was not in a mood to require much solicitation of this kind. In a few minutes he was seated before the object of his father's laudations, and discussing it with the sound critical power of a hearty appetite.

'Any news?' he inquired, after devoting a few minutes to the task before him.

'Nothing of importance,' replied his father, 'unless it be that poor Johnson has now quite gone out of his mind.'

'Ah,' said Firmian, in a tone of sympathy, 'I feared as much. There have been several terratics in that family, have there not? And poor Johnson himself always had a vacant earth-struck look with him. Talking of wits, I fear old Daniel's faculties are getting a little rusty with age. He never drove so badly as he did to-day. He ran into three clouds on the way home.'

'Ay, we are all getting older,' said his father with a touch of sadness. 'But come, Firmian, have you finished your lunch? I am all anxiety to hear of your experiences in London.'

'And I am quite ready to begin,' replied Firmian, 'for indeed I have much to tell you.'

Father and son drew their chairs up towards the fire, and while they are preparing, the former to hear and the latter to narrate the events of his terrene tour, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of some preliminary facts.

Firmian's grandfather had been born a Berkshire squire of strong Tory principles (for Conservatives are born not made) and had resided upon his ancestral property until the year 1973 (Old Style), when the Great Revolution took place which established Socialism in England. He was then in his thirtieth year, and had spent the last ten years of his life in an attempt 'to stem the tide of democracy,'—an attempt in which he almost believed himself to have succeeded. He was the Presi-

dent of a large Association of Conservative Working-men, and was every year adding largely to their numbers. He was, in fact, about to take the chair at one of the annual banquets of the Association, when the great crash came. The blow was too much for his political patience, and with his wife and infant son (Firmian's father) he emigrated in disgust to the moon. It was not till sixty years afterwards that that infant, now an old man, had permitted his youthful son Firmian to pay a visit to the country and planet which his grandfather had abandoned, in order to collect those impressions of it and its society which he is now about to impart to his father.

Firmian's Narrative.

This day, exactly one year ago, I alighted from my balloon in one of the midland counties of England and set out on foot to the nearest town, with a view to obtaining a conveyance (as soon as might be) to the metropolis. I was a good deal stared at by the people who passed me on the road, as indeed was only to be expected, considering the singular appearance which my attire must have presented to them. At your desire, as you doubtless recollect, my dear father, I had assumed the coat and trousers and tall black hat which, as you assure me, my grandfather was in the habit of wearing when an inhabitant of the earth. The present costume of the inhabitants, however, is entirely different in character; and my dress in consequence obtained me many glances of surprise and curiosity, although, as you will see, its very peculiarity afterwards turned out to be of substantial service to me. As I entered the town to which I was directing my steps, an intelligent-looking man who was approaching on the opposite side of the street suddenly paused on seeing me, with a look of the greatest amazement, and then immediately crossed the road, and came up to me.

'Well, 'pon my body!' he exclaimed, after a moment's further scrutiny; 'it's the very thing—hat, coat, trousers, as they used to call them, and all! I couldn't have had better luck if he had dropped from the moon!'

'No,' I replied, quietly; 'whatever your luck may be, it couldn't have been improved in that way.'

'May I ask,' he said, 'where you are going?'

'To London,' I replied.

'Pray, then, permit me to accompany you. Excuse me, but I see you are a stranger here, and I may be of some service to you, while you, I assure you, can be of the greatest service to me. Allow me to hand you my card, as a voucher for my respectability—Mr. Aridus Pulvis, State Professor of Archæology. This way to the Pneumatic Station. We shall be there in a few moments.'

His manner appeared genuine and straightforward, and at once disarmed all suspicion. His position, judging by his card, was one of undoubted respectability. And, on the whole, I was not sorry to pick up some trustworthy person to act as cicerone in a country in which I already felt myself so much out of my element. I followed him into the station, and there being fortunately a pneumatic train just ready to start, we got in, and, in a few seconds' time, were whirled to the London terminus.

On alighting I was about to leave the station with my new acquaintance, when an official suddenly stopped us with a peremptory demand for 'Tickets.' My companion immediately handed him a small slip of paper.

'Ticket!' I exclaimed, taken aback; 'I have no ticket—that is, no railway—or I suppose I should say no "tube-way" ticket. I saw no office for obtaining——'

'Pooh,' said the official; 'tube-way ticket! I want one of your State-tickets. Come—I have no time to lose.'

'Stay,' said the Professor, interposing; 'I see how it is. This gentleman has only arrived to-day and has not yet been to the workshops. Allow me to act for him,' and so saying he handed the official another slip of paper.

'Humph,' said the man, doubtfully; 'it's contrary to my orders to allow tickets to be transferred in my presence, but as it's you who does it, Professor, I suppose it's all right.'

'Quite right; quite right!" said the Professor. 'I shall take the young man to the Secretary of Distribution the first thing to-morrow morning.'

'What does it all mean?' I inquired, as soon as I got outside.

'Mean?' said my companion, laughing; 'Why you seem to have forgotten that you're in a Socialist country. You might have got yourself into a bit of a scrape, if I hadn't been with you. You must supply yourself with State-tickets, before you attempt to obtain anything you require—food, or drink, or lodging, or conveyance; and to get such tickets, you must, of course, first do some hours' labour in one of the national workshops.'

'But how——'

'Oh, never mind that, just now!' said the Professor; 'I'll explain that presently. Let's go and dine. Here, take the ticket this time before we go in. They are, properly, not transferable, and a restaurateur, like a tube-way official, is, strictly speaking, not allowed to wink at his customers transferring them in his presence.'

Very much puzzled by it all, I took the proffered ticket from my

companion, and entering the restaurant we seated ourselves at one of the tables.

'What shall we have?' asked the Professor.

My journey had given me a furious appetite, and, I believe, at that moment I could have devoured one of our moon-calves roasted whole.

'Well,' I replied, 'I think I should like a beef steak and a pint of ——"

'Hush, my dear sir,' whispered my companion, glancing nervously round; 'for Humanity's sake hush! You might as well propose a murder. Don't you know that we are vegetarians? Fortunately, however,' he added, looking round him, 'the majority of the guests near us are young men, who if they did overhear the word "beef-steak" would probably not know what it meant. To me, of course, as a professor of archæology, it is naturally familiar. But you really must be careful. You might mention the word before some one who had heard his father use it while speaking of the barbarous old days which he recollects.'

'Oh! very well,' I said, rather nettled. 'Then perhaps we had better see the *carte* at once and save time. Shall I call the waiter?'

'Pray allow me to arrange matters,' interrupted my companion, nervously. 'Your ignorance of our customs will only lead you into further difficulties.'

He struck a small hand-bell as he spoke, and, on looking round, I saw an official approaching us, clad in a magnificent scarlet robe trimmed with ermine.

'Will you be good enough, sir, if you please, to show us the *carte*,' said the Professor, addressing him in tones of extreme deference, and almost of humility.

The other, with an air of lofty condescension, placed a slip of paper on the table before us.

'Here,' said the Professor, handing it to me. 'Choose what you like, but I should recommend something in the omelette line to begin with.'

I glanced at the list before me. It contained a goodly number of dishes, but I cannot say that I recognised the names of any of them. There were artichokes *à la protoplasme*, *à la methode inductive*, *aux sciences exactes*, and in many other fashions. There was macaroni *spaghetti*, and other pastes curiously cooked; there was spinach *à l'humanité*, haricot beans *à l'altruisme*, besides a host of vegetables whose names were strange to me, such as mandidges, house-cale, vellions, thrope, and others, which I rightly conjectured to have been only cultivated and developed since the introduction of vegetarianism

into England. I handed back the list to the Professor with the assurance that I felt quite incompetent to select my dinner from this host of unknown delicacies, and that I must leave it to him.

'Well,' he said, 'if you ask me I should say we can't do better than begin with an artichoke, *à la methode inductive*, follow up with a single portion of macaroni, either *à la professeur* or *à la Fourier*, both are equally good, then just one mandidge *au naturel*, and a portion of house-cale *à la sauce blanche*. Such a dinner as that, washed down with a bottle of Torquay, which is particularly fine here, will be as good as you can get in London.'

By Torquay, I at first thought he meant Tokay—a wine which I remember with much pleasure, from having tasted it at my grandfather's. (He brought up fifty dozen or so when he emigrated, did he not?) However, it turned out not to be Tokay, but a very drinkable wine grown on the south coast of Devonshire. My companion's heart warmed over it, and, as we discussed our four courses (also, I may add, very excellent in their way, though hardly substantial enough for me), he seemed to grow more obligingly instructive of my inexperience. 'It was better, I thought, for me to order the dinner,' he said; 'you would hardly have known the proper tone in which to address the waiter.'

'No,' I replied, with some surprise; 'he appears to be a most magnificent and important personage.'

'Of course he is,' said the Professor; 'you must know that it is the necessary policy of Socialistic communities to treat with especial respect those who perform the menial offices. Thus the waiter, as you see, is addressed by everyone present with marked deference, and for the same reason he is permitted to wear the magnificent uniform in which he is now attired. A similar rule prevails with regard to those who discharge other and still more menial functions. Thus, the shoeblacks in the streets wear what I, as an archæologist, know to be a complete field-marshal's uniform, a scarlet coat with gold lace facings, and a cocked hat with white feathers. All are compelled to remain uncovered before him, while having their boots blacked. A street scavenger, again, is always addressed as the "Right Honourable," and wears a velvet tunic trimmed with sable, and a jewelled mitre.'

Our dinner was now drawing to its close, and the Professor began to question me about my future plans.

'What,' he said, 'do you propose to do?'

'Well,' said I, 'that is just what I wish to consult you about. You have been kind enough to provide me with tickets for to-day, but I couldn't think of trespassing on your kindness longer than is abso-

lutely necessary. Pray tell me how can I obtain these tickets? You said something about labour.'

'Why,' replied the Professor, with some hesitation, 'I am afraid you will have to go to one of the national workshops to-morrow and earn your tickets by doing some productive labour like the rest of us, except the Professors,' he added, somewhat stiffly, 'who, of course, are subsidised by the State.'

'Humph!' I ejaculated; 'that's rather awkward. I am not aware that I am capable of any productive labour.'

'There is one way in which the necessity might, perhaps, be avoided,' said the archæologist, slowly, and eyeing the tall black hat which I was just placing on my head with the avaricious eye of a collector.

'How?' I inquired, as with a profound obeisance we handed our tickets to the waiter, and left the restaurant.

'Well,' said my companion, still gazing longingly at my hat and coat, 'those antique clothes which you wear are of such great value for purposes of archæological instruction that I feel sure that the Secretary for Distribution would listen, on behalf of the Government, to the proposal which I am about to make with reference to them. I can hardly expect you, of course, to part with such gems altogether,' he continued, with a slight sigh, 'but if you would consent to assume the national dress, and place your present costume at the service of the Chair of Archæology, to form the subject of a course of lectures, I feel authorised to say that the State would supply you with "honorary tickets" during the whole of your stay here.'

I at once signified my acceptance of this proposal, and did so the more willingly because I felt somewhat embarrassed by the public curiosity which was excited by my present dress. It was accordingly arranged that the Professor should accompany me to the Minister the first thing the next morning, and should there lay before him the plan which had occurred to him, and of which he made no doubt, he said, that the Government would approve. The hour being then late, the Professor conducted me to a good hotel, and, having seen me safe into my bed-room, left me with a promise to return at an early hour in the morning.

I was up and dressed, however, before his return, and was seated at my bedroom window, gazing with interest on the novel scene before me. Steam-omnibuses were already plying to and fro, while cabmen, seated high on the front seat of their velocipedes, swept rapidly through the streets with their fares behind them.

A knock sounded at my door, and a waiter informed me, in a lofty

but not ungracious manner, that my friend was below. I descended and found the Professor in the coffee-room. He had ordered a substantial breakfast of vegetables, 'for,' said he, 'you have probably a busy day before you.' We soon despatched it, and my companion having again paid my bill for me, we issued from the hotel.

'Pray,' I inquired, 'whereabouts in London are we? I took the precaution (as I thought it) of bringing with me my grandfather's old map of the metropolis, but I have found it of little service, as the names of all the streets are altered.'

'Ay,' said the Professor smiling, 'a map of that date would not be of much use indeed. However, this is another case in which I can be of some service to you. The street we are now in was formerly called Fleet Street.'

'Indeed,' replied I, with much curiosity; 'I have often heard my grandfather speak of it.'

'The Distribution Department is in the official quarter of the town,' he continued, 'that is to say—at the East End. We may as well, perhaps, be making our way there. Let us get into that omnibus.' And he pointed to one of these vehicles standing near a curious ruined wall on the kerbstone, which looked as though it had once formed one of the sides of a stone arch.

'Will this take us to the East End?' I asked, as we stepped into the omnibus.

'Perhaps,' replied the Professor, carelessly.

'Perhaps!' I echoed, with surprise; 'but are you not certain?'

'Certain?' said he, in a tone of slight irritation; 'of course not. We must wait and see how the voting goes.'

I was bewildered, but did not like to ask any more questions. The omnibus soon filled with passengers; the driver mounted the tender, and we proceeded a few yards down Fleet Street, when the conductor opened the door and entered with a ballot-box in his hand. 'Now, brothers,' he said, 'your votes, if you please?' and he handed a small card, with a pencil attached to it, to each passenger.

'Write "Distribution Department" on your card,' whispered the Professor, as he hurriedly traced those words upon his own.

I did so, and we dropped our cards into the ballot-box. The passenger nearest the door then administered an oath of secrecy and good faith to the conductor, and the latter, having unlocked the box and inspected the tickets, shouted something to the driver which I could not hear, and, at the bottom of Fleet Street, the omnibus turned to the right, as though to cross what I judged from my map to have been formerly Blackfriars Bridge.

'Ah!' said the Professor, 'the South has carried the day.'

'What,' I said, 'isn't the omnibus going in our direction?'

'No,' he replied; 'it will now go in a southerly direction, along that route,' tracing its course along my map as he spoke, 'until it reaches that point' (indicating it).

'What,' I said, bending closer to the map, 'do you mean the "Elephant and Castle?"'.

'That, I believe, was its ancient name,' said the Professor. 'It is now called the "Cause and Effect."'

'And what are we to do?' I inquired.

'Why, get out, to be sure,' said the Professor, suiting the action to the word.

All the passengers did the same, with the exception of three.

'Ah,' said the Professor, 'we were only beaten by a majority of one, you see. We must wait and try again. No doubt we shall soon find an omnibus containing a majority in favour of the East End. Everything of this kind, you see, is referred to the popular vote. "Every man to count for one; no man for more than one." That's our motto.'

'Well,' I said, bursting out laughing, 'it does seem to me to be the most absurd and roundabout way of doing things I ever saw in my life.'

The Professor looked seriously annoyed at my mirth.

'It may not be an ideally perfect system,' he observed, coldly; 'but we find it work very well in practice. But, as you seem in a hurry, we can hail a velocipede.'

We hailed one, and got up.

(To be continued.)

Strong Magic.

By Mrs. Emma Reade.

CHAPTER V.

About a week before Christmas, Captain Clarke was obliged to go to town on business; and as I wished to pay the metropolis a visit likewise, it was arranged that I should accompany him as far as Paddington, where we should each depart our separate ways, and meet again on the platform in time to return to Stillborough by the five o'clock train.

How my escort intended to dispose of his day, I had no idea; but every minute of mine was carefully parcelled out, you may be sure.

First came a consultation with Cousin Frank, secondly, a brief sojourn by one pale, green grave, thirdly, the selection of a new year's gift for Tiddy, and fourthly, something to eat.

On the evening preceding this excursion, I went to my room earlier than usual, having to be up at six, as our train started about five minutes past nine, and we had a seven miles' drive between us and the station.

Just as I was laying out my black silk dress, my best bonnet, and sundry other pomps by way of expediting my toilette on the morrow, some one tapped at my door.

'Come in!' I called, and Tiddy entered with a small covered basket in her hand. 'I've brought you some flowers, Nellie dear!' she said, and raising the lid, showed me layer upon layer of the loveliest hothouse blossoms carefully arranged on cotton wool, with their stalks wrapped up in wet moss. 'Whatever will Mrs. Clarke say? Won't she be dreadfully vexed?' I exclaimed, quite aghast at the bare notion of the havoc in that lady's highly-prized conservatory, thus revealed.

Tiddy shook her head.

'Mamma knows what I have done, and doesn't mind a bit,' she

replied; 'you see, I thought you'd like to take them to—to—,' and the dear little soul's sweet eyes grew dim and pitiful.

'My darling!' was all I could say, but I think I looked my gratitude. Poor mother! even now you waken tenderest, holiest feelings in all hearts.

Well, I went to bed that winter night in a spirit of Christian fellowship with all living creatures, which, to say the least, was not wholly unenviable.

Bleak and cold dawned the morning. To get up and dress, in response to Graham's appeal when she appeared with the hot water and a couple of candles, involved an outlay of mental and moral energy which, on a warm day, might have made one famous.

At length, however, having, with the utmost difficulty, endued myself in such raiment as the police regulations of this enlightened land render necessary, and observed, by the aid of the glass, that my lips were a deep indigo and the tip of my nose a lively scarlet, I hurried off downstairs to eat a hasty breakfast before I put on my bonnet.

'Why, you look half starved,' exclaimed Captain Clarke, who was already down and gobbling ham and eggs as if he hadn't seen food at least for a month, but before I could make any reply to his assertion, other than the mute affirmative conveyed by kneeling down before the blazing fire and violently scrubbing at my useless hands, Mrs. Clarke and Tiddy, armed with two huge rugs, made their appearance.

'You must let me lend you my sealskin,' said the former, when the 'good mornings' were over, and the rugs were spread out to warm, 'and come and have your breakfast at once, you have no time to lose. Tiddy, dear, run up to my room and bring the jacket.' Of course I declared that my sham Astracan coat was the perfection of comfort. Of course I remonstrated against being entrusted with such a valuable garment.

'Fancy, if it gets wet!' I suggested, when fairly driven to bay by the relentless Flora.

'Oh, we shan't have a drop of rain to-day!' laughed she. 'It's a black frost, and my shepherd's plaid will keep me as snug as possible, if we go out. There, hold your tongue, and have some fowl. Yes, you must! An egg is nothing to travel upon.'

'Do as you're bid: you'll find its the easiest way,' laughed her husband. So I ate the fowl, and put on the lovely soft sealskin with a lamblike meekness worthy of remark.

'Doesn't she look nice?' cried Tiddy, walking round me, and stroking me admiringly on the back. 'You ought always to wear handsome clothes, Nellie; they give you consequence, as Graham says.'

'Young girls can wear anything that is well made and in good taste,' observed Mrs. Clarke, walking to the window, watch in hand; 'but sealskin really suits you, Miss Yescombe; you must marry a rich man, and have one of your own!'

'She must marry Denzil!' announced Miss Harriett, with that fine prescience of other people's sentiments which renders extreme youth so enchanting. Just then, however, to my great relief, up drove the dogcart, so I was spared the necessity of making any comment on this most unheard-of proposition, as until the reins were fairly in Captain Clarke's hands, and we were trotting gently down the drive, the supreme task of 'getting off' with our usual complement of limbs and senses engrossed us so overpoweringly that further levity would have been resented as a gross outrage on decorum by one and all.

It was bitterly cold, and the wind blew full in our faces, producing a sensation more like an iced blister applied internally than most things directly you opened your mouth, wherefore speech was not copious between me and my escort.

The country about Cropton is not beautiful to behold even in summer time, and during the winter it is absolutely hideous; great commons, ornamented by straggling patches of dilapidated gorse, at once the play-ground and battlefield of all 'the airts that blaw,' extending for a couple of miles beyond Bablock, which seems to have clustered round its selfish self every tree in the neighbourhood. Yes, Mr. Bertram's park was certainly the oasis in our desert; for the woods stretching away to the rear of the property were thick and picturesque, the gardens were good, and the house, to judge from its exterior—I had not as yet penetrated further than the terrace before the drawing-room windows (on which we had leave to walk when we pleased)—spacious and convenient, although by no means palatial.

At last, however, the dreary seven miles of hard white road and leafless hedgerows, came to an end, and we rattled up the boulder-paved Stillborough High-street, to the railway station.

'Ten minutes to wait,' remarked Captain Clarke, looking at his gold repeater as he drew up. 'Take the horse round to the bank stables, William, and give him a feed before you go home. We shall be back by the six-thirty train, and you'd better meet us with the brougham. It'll be too cold for an open trap. Six-thirty; don't be late!'

'Very well, Sir,' and away he drove, whilst I retreated, basket in hand, to the booking-office, where Captain Clarke insisted on making me a present of my first-class return, although I showed him my purse full of sovereigns.

Now, waiting about on a railway platform is a very disfiguring proceeding at any time; but on a nipping December morning the com-

plexional consequences are apt to be tremendous, so I was not at all sorry when the clang of the arrival bell announced that our train was approaching.

What a delicious sensation of reposeful calm permeates the breast of the unprotected female on her first protected journey. The porters scurried about for Captain Clarke as if he had been an imperial personage with a sanguinaceous taste for human heads, instead of a provincial banker with no tastes at all.

Once cosily packed up in an airtight compartment, with a hot-water tin beneath my aching feet, and lots of papers to read, and the delicious feeling of being 'out for a holiday' regnant in my heart, it seemed no time before the roar of the Great City possessed itself of my ears, before I stood again upon the familiar Paddington platform, before I found myself being jerked and jumbled through Praed-street in a familiar Paddington four-wheeler, with nothing but the sealskin coat on my back, and the flower basket on the opposite seat, and the echo of a certain cheery injunction 'to take care of myself and be in good time for the five o'clock express' lingering in my mind, to assure me that I had not dreamt the events of the last two months, or that there was such a place as Cropton at all.

'I shall be at Paddington before you,' said I, and Captain Clarke went away. 'The Turnstile, Holborn,' uttered in a loud tone of voice, started my cab; and I found myself jerkily progressing up the steep incline leading into Praed Street. London looked about as dreary as it usually does in winter; but, nevertheless, I was well amused by the shops and the people, until the driver pulled up at the aforesaid entrance to the forensic quarter of our capital.

'Your fare,' I inquired, with the innocence of youth.

'Whatever you please, Miss!' replied my greasy-looking charioteer.

'That won't do; please say what I have to pay you.' This meekly.

'Wal; four and six is about the mark, I think!' hesitated the wretch, scratching his grizzled chin reflectively.

I gave him two halfcrowns, which he pocketed, forgetting the odd sixpence, apparently, and I hurried away down the

Cousin Frank, as I have already told you, lived in a quiet set of chambers in a quiet square in Lincoln's Inn; so, my visit to him being the most important piece of business I had to transact that day, I drove straight to the New Turnstile, Holborn, there got out and dismissed the cab, and, knowing my way, having been to see him twice when mother was alive, betook myself forthwith to his secluded abode, enountering no one, save clerks armed with rolls of papers, and one or two quiet, sedate-looking gentlemen, rapt in meditation, who took mighty little notice of a small frigid creature like me.

Michaelmas Term was over, and most of the chambers were closed, but, nevertheless, I felt sure that I should find Cousin Frank at home, and my anticipations proved correct; for when, on reaching his outer office, I inquired of the grave clerk seated therein whether I could see Mr. Yescombe, the answer was, 'Yes!' and, almost immediately, I found my hands returning that gentleman's cordial clasp.

'Come in, Ellen, my dear,' he exclaimed, drawing me after him into his warm, book-lined, crimson and brown sitting-room. 'Come in! you must have a glass of wine and a piece of cake, or a biscuit, or something. Now, sit you down, and tell me how you are, and how you get on with the Clarkes?' This, evolving a decanter and a plate of maccaroons from the cupboard, the which he set upon the table, with a remark to the effect that 'young ladies and sweet things never disagreed. *Similia similibus*, etcetera.' By degrees I gave him a full and succinct account of my life at Cropton, diluted with '20 port.

'And you're quite happy, my dear—quite?' inquired he, earnestly.

'Yes, quite!' I replied. Had I not reason?

'That's well. And now, Ellen, we must turn our thoughts to a more serious subject, namely, what is to become of your father when he—when—when—he regains his liberty?'

Blankly we stared at each other. At length I suggested a cheap lodging in London, and expressed my intention to give him half my salary, wherever I might be.

'No, my dear, that won't do!' said Cousin Frank, gently but firmly. 'I will provide for your father. The hundred a year I allowed your poor mother shall be his as long as he lives. Don't thank me, Ellen; you know we ought to do what we can for our own kith and kin. If you were me, and I were your father, you'd do as much for me.'

'Ah, that I would!' most earnestly.

'Yes, yes! Well, then, the means being provided, the question is, where can he live? You see, he comes to London about the 2nd of January, and I'm afraid he's really too weak to look about for a home for himself. He has been very ill, Ellen!'

'Nothing worse than low spirits?' I inquired hastily.

'Low spirits, attended by pulmonary disorder, mean a great deal,' answered Cousin Frank.

Amazement kept me silent: and he continued:

'Your father did not complain to you, my dear, fearing that he might alarm and distress you; but in a letter which I received from him last week he expressed his conviction, which is shared by the prison doctor, that one, if not both of his lungs, is dangerously affected.'

'But why didn't he trust me? Why didn't you write and tell me?' I cried. 'How cruel, how——'

'No Ellen, no! that you should feel aggrieved at first is only natural, I quite expected it, but I am sure you will see, on reflection, that tenderness for you alone prompted our silence. Remember it is barely three months since your mother died, my dear.'

I heard him like one in a dream. My world had turned from rose to grey.

'Shall I look for a lodging for him at once?' This wearily, with a sigh.

'Well, it would save time. Stay, I've got the address of some very nice rooms in Maida Vale put away somewhere. That's on your road to the Great Western, too.' And Cousin Frank sought for the said slip of paper in his gigantic desk.

'I'll go and see them.'

'Ah! here it is. Mrs. Clyde, 4, Claremont Gardens, Maida Vale. Now, the gentleman who told me of these lodgings is paralysed, and therefore more dependent on the goodness of the people of the house than your father would be. So, I should say that if the rooms are at liberty, you had better take the dining-room floor for a month from New Year's Day. The rent is fifteen shillings a week, and as you'll most likely have to make a deposit of some kind, I'll give you five pounds. You can keep the change for yourself. Christmas box, eh?' and Cousin Frank picked one crisp new note out of a roll, and put it into my hand.

'But I have got lots of money, and I feel just like a miserable thief, taking all your kindnesses, and never doing anything for you in return,' I exclaimed, red with shame.

'If you are troubled by conscientious scruples on that score, you can give me a kiss, my dear!' was his laughing answer; and I did kiss him as lovingly as ever I kissed any one all my life long.

'There, now, we've squared all accounts, and let me tell you, young lady, that Cropton air must agree with you uncommonly well. 'Pon my word, it must!' gazing at me critically. 'Have you seen Mr. Bertram yet?'

'No! he comes home at Christmas. It's unlucky, isn't it, that he is a friend of the Clarkes?'

'What can't be cured must be endured!' with a philosophic shoulder shrug; whereupon finding my spirits scarcely equal to general conversation, I picked up my basket and umbrella, and bade him good-bye.

Back in Holborn, I and my heavy heart, Tiddy's present suddenly recurred to my mind, and, hailing a hansom, I told the man to drive me to the Crystal Palace Bazaar, where I hoped to find something worthy of her. My dear must not go lacking because I was sorry.

As usual, when I reached this most seductive establishment, I found it brimfull of idle people, but nevertheless the stalls were attainable after a fashion, and presently I caught sight of the very loveliest coraline necklet and ear-rings that ever feasted the eyes of woman.

Ah! thought I, never mind the price, that shall be her new year's gift; and my heart beat quick with delight at the idea of pleasing the only creature I loved not of necessity.

'What is the price of that set?' I asked of the young lady in attendance, pointing to the blue velvet case in question.

Condescendingly, she looked at the tiny ticket, and condescendingly replied—

'Three pound fifteen.'

'Put it up for me,' I said, fishing in my purse for the money; and in a very few minutes marched off magnificently with that oblong parcel in my hand.

Once more I hailed a cab, and this time 4, Claremont Gardens, Maida Vale, was the address I gave as my destination. Never did licensed Hackney coach crawl as that cab crawled; indeed, I feel convinced I was just on the point of getting out and walking, when we pulled up at the gate of a small, clean-looking house with a little garden full of chrysanthemums in front, and lots of greenery in the windows, backed by immaculate white curtains.

Telling the cabman to wait, I rapped at the door, and asked the rosy-faced servant-girl who opened it if her mistress had any disengaged apartments.

'If you'll jest step in, Miss, I'll ask Missus,' said she, and forthwith disappeared into the lower regions.

In a few seconds, a middle-aged, bright-complexioned, but otherwise subdued-looking woman made her appearance, and invited me into the parlour, which was clean and comfortable, with a bed-room adjoining.

Being quite satisfied with the general aspect of the house and its belongings, I took these rooms for a month from New Year's Day, paying a fortnight in advance.

'The gentleman will arrive about the 2nd.or 3rd of January,' I said; 'and he requires perfect quiet and careful attendance.'

'He shall have both,' replied Mrs. Clyde, writing a receipt for the money I had given her; and forthwith I retreated to my cab, in much better spirits than when I had left it.

'Where to now, Miss?' was the inquiry, as I seated myself in that ricketty vehicle.

'Kensal Green Cemetery,' I replied; and bang went the door. I observed that the cabman smiled as he banged it. Why did he smile? did he fancy I was a ghost out on parole? His smiling annoyed me.

So at last I was to spend a few quiet minutes before my holiest of holies. I looked at Tiddy's flowers. Bless them, they were as fresh as though just gathered; and my heart grew big with grief as I thought how soon I should have turned my back on them and her. A cemetery is always a quiet place; the racket of the living may not disturb the dead; and I found scarce a soul within those iron gates as I hurried along to the one spot I knew so well. The evergreens I had planted there before I left London were growing sturdily, I took a leaf or two to put in my Bible; then I scattered the sweet pale blossoms at her head and feet, and one, just like a white star tinged with faintest blue, I laid upon her pure clean heart. Alas! that a mound of earth should be all the mother I have left. Well, time goes by graves as elsewhere, and a glance at my watch—it was her's once—told me I must hurry back to the profitless world; wherefore, with one long kiss—no one was within sight—I turned my face from her, and set out on my weariful way back to common things.

CHAPTER VI.

On reaching the Great Western departure platform, however, I found that I had full twenty minutes to wait before I could expect Captain Clarke to make his appearance; so, being somewhat famished, I repaired to the refreshment-room without delay, and was soon seated at a table, busy dissecting the gizzard wing of a chicken, whose life appeared to have been of the most volatile description, to judge from the strength of its muscles.

Before I had got half through my protracted luncheon, or untimely dinner, or whatever you like to call it, a short, dark, square-faced sealskin-coated and capped gentleman swung back the glass door, and asked one of the waiters who were standing about, if he'd 'got anything fit to eat?'

'Yes, sir; certainly, sir!' replied the knight of the napkin, whisking away an imaginary fly, and forthwith he gabbled over the various items of the stock bill of fare.

'Hum!' pondered the new arrival. 'Well, you can bring me a cut of cold beef, underdone, mind, and a roast potato: and, wait a minute, a pint of stout.'

'Yes, sir!' and the benapkined person fled to procure these refreshments, edible and potable, whilst their future consumer seated himself at the table opposite mine.

Now, there was nothing very remarkable about my *vis-à-vis* that I could see, but still I looked at him once or twice, principally because I had nothing else to look at, and this is the sum of what I saw.

A broad, mean-featured face, garnished by a thick, short, black beard and curly black hair; by no means a beautiful face, with its straight short nose, and drooping mouth. Just as I became aware that I had been staring at this man in a most unwarrantable fashion, he looked up from the cartoon in *Fun* which had hitherto engrossed his attention, and our eyes met. Rest assured I kept my vulgar curiosity in decided check for the remainder of my sojourn in that refreshment-room.

Such piercingly blue eyes (I hate blue eyes in a man, especially with black hair) I never saw in anybody's head, and savage—savage—Fui! the sort of eyes to make you shudder.

By the time I took out my purse to pay for the gristle and gutta-percha and carbonate of soda I had indulged in, the hands of the clock over the door pointed to four minutes to five.

'Waiter!' I observed, diffidently, not much liking the sound of my own voice in that crowded room: but I might as well have addressed the Seven Sleepers for all the effect my appeal produced, and the minute hand of the clock moved relentlessly forward. Two minutes to five! 'My bill at once, if you please.' This with a tolerable show of firmness to a tail-coated being who glided by me at that instant, freighted with a basin of soup.

'Very well, Miss!' and he vanished. Five o'clock! I was in an agony of anxiety. Captain Clarke was most probably hunting for me in the ladies' waiting-room, and cursing me by all his gods for being late. Rap, rap, went a knife-handle on the opposite table, and the dilatory slave of the starving appeared post haste.

'Why do you keep that young lady waiting in this disgraceful way? Attend to her at once!' exclaimed the bearded individual, angrily.

'Don't trouble about a bill; I can't wait. What is it I have to pay?' I asked, jumbling up all the words together, as if I was intoxicated.

'One plate fowl and ham, one bread, one bottle Bass, butter—three shillings, Miss!'

In a second the money was on the table, and I flew to the door. At it I was met by Captain Clarke, perturbed and red of countenance.

'I couldn't imagine what had become of you,' said he, rather aggrievedly. 'However, it doesn't matter, as it turns out. The train, I find, won't start till twelve minutes past five. Have you had something to eat?'

'Yes, thank you. I'm so sorry to have given you——' but the words

died wonder-slain upon my lips, for no sooner did Captain Clarke catch sight of my friend in need than, his face radiant with sudden joy, he strode up to him, and holding out both his hands, exclaimed:

'What Bertram, back again? Welcome a thousand times!' and 'Bertram back again,' looked up, and started to his feet, and seized upon the proffered hands, and shook them as if the dearest ambition of his life were to shake them, and I looked on, not a little marvelling at that which I had seen and heard.

So, then, this blue-eyed, black-bearded man was Mr. Henry Bertram, of Bablock.

In a minute or two I was introduced to him; whereupon I tried to say something civil about his recent interference on my behalf, but it was no use, and I remained dumb and uncomfortable. The waiter being settled with, and Captain Clarke's glass of sherry finished, we issued forth upon the platform and took our seats at once, in the same carriage, it need scarcely be said.

'I suppose they don't expect me at Bablock quite so soon,' observed Mr. Bertram to me, as we packed ourselves up in our rugs, with a gracious smile, which showed a set of even small white teeth, too small for his mouth, I thought.

'I don't think they do; at least there were no signs of extra vitality about the house when we drove past this morning.'

'Oh! I shan't allow you to take your chance of rheumatic fever by sleeping in an unaired bed, my dear fellow;' laughed Captain Clarke in his cheery way. Ugly as he was, I liked his face better than Mr. Bertram's.

'Well, we'll call at the lodge, and ask what Mrs. Carlton can do for me. Of course if no preparations have been made, I shall be only too delighted to go on with you to Cropton—that is, if you're sure I shan't be a nuisance.' My heart sank within me. What an awful evening of kowtowing and grimacing stretched out its vapid length before my weary imagination. If I had only been a visitor I could have retired to my room and pleaded a headache as an excuse for non-appearance, but I was not a visitor, you know, I was simply the governess, and on my unhappy fingers lay the onus of rendering the tedious interim between dinner and sleep bearable. 'Oh! the misery of making sport for these Philistines,' mused I, bitterly.

'Did you get on all right in town?' inquired Captain Clarke, after we had been whizzing along through the night for about three quarters of an hour; and I told him as much of my day as he cared to hear, or I to tell.'

'So you've been rushing about London alone?' smiled Mr. Bertram; 'rather a tremendous experience for a young lady.'

'I am accustomed to looking after myself,' I replied, sourly. Who and what did he think I was, that I should have a parcel of people dancing attendance at my heels. Ah! perhaps Mrs. Clarke's seal-skin coat gave rise to his delusion.

'Indeed!' this rather as though the notion of my being in the full possession of my mental and bodily faculties, was infinitely amusing.

'Miss Yescombe knows London pretty well!' yawned Captain Clarke from his corner. 'She has lived there all her life.'

'Not all my life,' I interposed; and I caught Mr. Bertram's gleaming eyes full on my face as I spoke.

'I rather imagine we both belong to the same part of the world!' he remarked, after a pause. My heart beat quick and hard. Did he mean to inform Captain Clarke that he had sent my father to prison before my face?

'Ah, yes, to be sure; didn't you tell me that you knew something of the Bertrams the first night you came?' said that gentleman, blandly.

'I—I—that is, I had heard his name,' stammered I, white as a ghost. Mr. Bertram looked out of the window, and I blessed his forbearance.

'You see, the Bertrams and the Yescombes are all West country folk;' smiled he, turning round again after a few seconds, to me an eternity; 'and in a provincial neighbourhood, everyone knows everyone, at least by report.'

I breathed freely. Perhaps after all he intended to be merciful. Ah! how I would strive to play my very best that evening, on the chance of charming him into silence; but did he care for music? With greater tact than I could have believed it possible for a *gauche* simpleton like me to exercise, I coaxed the conversation round from rural dulness to occasional gaieties, thence to local interests, such as the clothing club, labourers' dinner, children's feast, and Christmas tree; and concluded by enlarging on the forthcoming church decorations and my endeavours to screw a Christmas anthem out of the choir.

This last item naturally led to a discussion of sacred music, also secular, and I found, with infinite thankfulness, that Mr. Bertram was a *dilettanti* musician of no mean capacity, wherefore my small performances might possibly gain favour in his eyes, or, rather, ears.

Captain Clarke here advanced an astounding proposition, to the effect that my playing was 'magnificent,' and Tiddy's improvement during my sojourn at Cropton perfectly incredible.

'Do you give her lessons, then?' asked Mr. Bertram.

'Yes. I'm her musical governess!' somewhat tartly.

'Indeed!' Another of those 'Indeeds!' Somehow, I felt as if to say another word to this man was quite beyond my strength.

From Stillborough to Cropton seemed the merest forty winks, shut up as we were in a cosy double brougham, with a pair of fast, willing horses in the traces. A literal forty winks, in my case, I am inclined to believe, being thoroughly tired out. As we passed Bablock, however, I became sufficiently wakeful to understand that Mr. Bertram was making a somewhat feeble fuss about getting out, but as Captain Clarke refused to keep his horses loitering in the cold, and declared that Mrs. Carlton, the housekeeper, would only be scared out of her wits by his sudden arrival, we drove straight on, and speedily attained the haven where we would be, a glowing firelit haven too, delicious to behold!

Very fast did I run upstairs in search of Mrs. Clarke, whom I felt certain would be delighted by the news I had to tell; and fancying I should find her in the drawing-room, I opened that door first, and looked in.

There she was, sure enough, seated in her low chair by the fire.

'Back again, dear? And not frozen to death!' exclaimed she, coming forward and giving each of my cold cheeks a kiss.

'Tiddy's not ready yet, she's making an especial toilette in honour of you two travellers.'

'Mr. Bertram's come down from town with us, and Captain Clarke has asked him to stay the night,' I answered, hurriedly; 'so I must rush off and dress. How lovely you look! Yes, you do, indeed! and she did, in her pale green drapery and silver ornaments, a great shining butterfly trembling among her floss silk hair.

'Nonsense, child! Fancy Mr. Bertram having reappeared among us in this strange way; but it's just like him, he's so eccentric.'

'Eccentric?' I echoed.

'Oh yes! You never can tell what he will do next.'

Pleasant!

All thoughts of an exterior and reflective nature, however, were presently put to flight by the sight of the white muslin dress and purtenance, into which I must insert my small and sorely-fatigued person before the clock struck eight.

When I re-entered the drawing-room (considerably cleaner and less tired than I left it) the name of Denzil Gordon struck on my ear. Mr. Bertram and Mrs. Clarke were already hard at work congratulating themselves on the prospect of his speedy return.

What ever could there be about this most annoying man, to make people idolise him so? Why even his dog Lion, and his horse, King Pippin, shone by reflected lustre; and each represented the crowning glory of their respective races. Pheugh! some people do certainly make one very sick. Tiddy and I sat by each other at dinner, and, on

the whole, were left pretty much to ourselves. Now and then Mr. Bertram would send us a remark across the table, but, of course, Mrs. Clarke absorbed the major portion of his attention—a fact that did not occasion me any very acute suffering, as far as I am aware. After dinner I was allowed the luxury of a quiet doze on the sofa before the back drawing-room fire; and it was not until the tea-things clinked at the door, that I re-opened my eyes on my troubled world.

'Tell papa tea is ready, Tiddy darling,' said Mrs. Clarke, as I sat up and yawned myself fairly awake; and in about three minutes both gentlemen came up stairs.

During the evening Mr. Bertram's six months' tour provided ample food for conversation, and I listened to his really eloquent descriptions of the marvels of art, and places of historical interest, he had seen during his travels, with considerable pleasure. My eager face, I suppose, told him how truly I appreciated all he said, for once or twice he addressed himself specially to me, as I sat working in my usual corner.

By degrees, too, foreign literature, as well as foreign ways and people, came under discussion, and as I was fairly conversant with French writers, my mother's landlady having been a French artist, and her small library, the only one to which I had access gratis, a somewhat powerful recommendation in our limited circumstances, I thoroughly enjoyed his thoughtful and incisive criticisms on books I knew and admired, despite my dislike and dread of himself.

'I hope you arn't too tired to give us some music, dear?' smiled Mrs. Clarke, presently.' 'Do you know Schumann's "Kinderscenen," Mr. Bertram, they are so exquisite.'

'I have heard of them,' he replied; 'Schumann's greater works are, I must confess, quite beyond me, and I worship blindly, so I shall be very glad to become acquainted with him in his less exalted moments.'

I went to the piano and played Nos. 1 and 2 of these enchanting trifles, Mr. Bertram standing by my side the while. When I would have retreated to my chair, he asked for the 'Nachtstück,' then for the Rondo in D, and even then for something more.

I took up a well-worn volume of Beethoven's sonatas, it opened with tell-tale readiness at the Appassionata.

'Ah! do you play that?' inquired he, quite eagerly.

'Yes,' I answered; 'it is my especial favourite.'

'Please let us have it, then. Nothing like it has ever been written, or ever will be written, by mortal man.' His impetuosity carried me away, and forthwith I plunged into the first movement. I'm sure I shall never play again as I did that night. I forgot my fingers; I forgot my hearers; for once I was free of all, save art.

When I came to the last bar of that rushing fiery allegro, I awoke, and wondered dimly where I had been. Their thanks, their praises, sounded as though uttered miles off. Mechanically I rose from the piano. As I did so, Mr. Bertram said, in a low voice:

'I shall mark to-day with a white stone!'

Bewildered though I was, his manner struck me as strange; but I had no time to analyse my impressions, for Captain Clarke immediately proposed a rubber of whist, and down we sat to swallow yawn after yawn over that dismallest of pastimes, until prayer time put an end to our miseries.

'Mark the day with a white stone, did he say?' reflected I, hazily, as I lay down in my snug little bed about an hour later. 'What a remarkably silly proceeding!' and straightway I fell asleep, neither to dream or wake till after the second dressing-bell had rung on the following morning.

CHAPTER VII.

INSPIRITED by welcome sunshine, doubly welcome, indeed, by reason of yesterday's and many yesterdays' gloom, we all discussed our breakfasts and our plans with refreshing vivacity.

Now, to us Croptonites just then the church decorations were an all-engrossing topic of interest; and fearing that our supply of holly-leaves and berries would run short unless replenished, a walk to Medley Common, the strip of waste land on the other side of Bablock, was suggested and finally decided upon, wild holly bushes and yews growing there in old-fashioned profusion.

'But it won't do for everyone to go,' observed Mrs. Clarke, as she rose from the table, 'that would be a waste of time. Suppose you stay at home, Nellie,' [my eyes opened wide at this novel mark of favour], 'and finish up the leaves that are left, while Tiddy and I are away. We shan't be long, yon know.'

Need I say that this arrangement was immediately and universally proclaimed to be the wisest and fittest feasible; wherefore, by half-past ten I was seated in the study, so called, I presume, because no one ever read so much as a magazine in it, with a tray of prickly, glossy leaves and red berries before me, gloves on my hands, and a cardboard cross on my lap, the which I was bent on transmuting from white to dark green and scarlet.

What had become of the gentlemen I did not know, neither did I particularly care, being chiefly intent on the arduous task of guarding

my unhappy fingers from the vicious assaults of the sharp holly spines.

Every woman is, I believe, a fatalist at heart. You see, we are so miserably weak and helpless, as a rule, that we might as well try to drain the Atlantic as influence the course of events; and the knowledge of this ineptitude of ours reduces us to a state of mind which men call humility and submission, but which is in reality dogged carelessness, in nine cases out of ten. Now, it was in something of this spirit that I thought of Mr. Bertram and his power over my fate that morning, when I thought at all. Perhaps he had already hinted to Captain Clarke that the sooner I was shown the door the better. Well! as I could do nothing to avert my doom, I might as well enjoy myself while I had the chance; so I poked the fire into a brighter blaze, and resolutely set my face against grizzling with a calmness which was amazing even to myself. I had other and pleasanter subjects for reflection, too, to aid me in forgetting my great anxiety. There was my first dinner party looming in the distance, likewise my first ball, and in ten days' time my father might be in my arms again, and, oh!—

'May I come in?' and Mr. Bertram put his head in at the door.

'Yes;' this somewhat ungraciously; I would so much sooner have said 'No.'

Perfectly unabashed by my cool reception, he shut the door behind him, marched up to the fireplace, and took up the genuine British position on the hearthrug.

'I thought you were going to Bablock,' I remarked, not knowing what to say, and therefore, of course, saying exactly what I ought not to have said.

'Captain Clarke offered to drop a note for me at the lodge as he drove into Stillborough; so I made up my mind to stay to luncheon. Do you admire Bablock, Miss Yescombe?'

How I longed to call it hideous. Why should he require me, the child of the man he had pitilessly ruined, to fall down and do him and his grand house homage? Was it not the veriest refinement of cruelty?

'I have scarcely taken the trouble to find out whether I admire it or not,' I replied sourly, stitching away as for dear life, and I think I offended him just a little, for he ceased from speech awhile.

'Perhaps you can guess that I didn't intrude myself upon you to talk about my belongings, but rather about yours,' he observed presently, however, fixing his keen eyes on my grim face. 'Is your father alive?'

The abruptness of that question startled me terribly, but I have often thought since that it was rather good of him to save me from

DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON. ENGRAVED BY C. M. JERRIN.

'STRONG MAGIC.'

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

the temptation of equivocating, as is the manner of women when in a difficulty.

'Yes,' I answered, with my hands laying idle in my lap.

'And free?'

'He will be, after New Year's Day.'

Silence for some moments, broken by Mr. Bertram's remarking—

'Can I be of any assistance to him? Believe me, I will readily do anything I can.'

'Thank you; we have friends of our own.'

He bit his lip, and again we held our peace.

'I see you cannot forgive me for acting as I did in that most unfornate matter.'

'You did as you thought right,' I replied, calmly, staring into the red fire till my eyes ached.

'Yes, I did. But since—well, it's no use raking up past mistakes. Let me be of service to you now,' almost as if he was in earnest.

I sat dumb, with my one chance of happiness in the palm of my hand, as it were. Should I speak? Should I speak?

'There is something I can do for you! I read it in your face. Miss Yescombe, let me retrieve myself in your judgment. I am, indeed, so sorry, so very sorry for—for——'

'Not for me!' I hastily interrupted; pity and contempt always look pretty much alike to my eyes. 'I have my life before me; my battle to fight—but——'

The tears got into my throat, and choked me. Mr. Bertram took a turn about the room.

'My poor child,' he said, at length, coming to a standstill by my side, 'the sight of your black dress and your white little face is punishment enough. Tell me what I can do to show you how intensely I deplore your loneliness.'

'Don't—don't—tell the Clarkes,' I sobbed, like a great baby. 'They would send me away, and—and I must earn my own living—and——'

'And you thought I could do such a thing!'

The words were not many, but they meant much.

'Mamma! hadn't the mistletoe better be put in the cellar? It will get so faded if we keep it in a warm room!' cried Tiddy's voice just outside the window.

'They have come home. Please excuse me. I'm not fit to be seen!' I exclaimed, hastily drying my eyes and jumping up from my seat, but Mr. Bertram took no notice of me or my exclamations, so I rushed away to my own room, there to bathe my smarting eyes and try to feel thankful for my deliverance, in about as cheerful and

enjoyable a mental condition as any well brought up young Englishwoman need aspire unto.

After luncheon Mr. Bertram departed to Bablock, despite Mrs. Clarke's hospitable entreaties that he would remain another day or two. For my part, I was not at all sorry to bid him good-bye; but my sentiments were by no means popular; people at Cropton admired and esteemed their near and dear neighbour after that rapturous fashion in which well-connected, well-endowed persons do generally contrive to get themselves admired and esteemed by the world at large.

'The only drawback to the charm of Mr. Bertram's society,' said Mrs. Clarke, 'was his religious latitude,' he being a Huxleyite and Darwinian of the most advanced type; but, as Captain Clarke would reply, 'He restored the church last year, out of respect for the convictions of the masses, besides paying for a curate and liberally supporting the schools; so what did it matter, after all, if he was a trifle peculiar in his views concerning the Pentateuch, and St. John's Gospel.' The vicar took this line of argument.

CHAPTER VIII.

About this time the culinary regions of Cropton began to evince certain commotional symptoms, which, to a thoughtful observer, might have seemed indicative of approaching festivity, and for once the thoughtful observer would not have been mistaken, every hour bringing us nearer that Yule-tide dinner-party whereof I have already made mention, and for which Mrs. Clarke had issued twenty invitations.

The ultimate number of her guests, however, including Mr. Bertram, did not exceed sixteen, and we reckoned on a very pleasant evening with that fatuitous folly which induces a belief in the power of low bodies and tail-coats, to sublimate ordinary humdrum men and women, into De Staëls and Sydney Smiths.

By Friday night everything in the way of Christmas decorations was ready and locked up in the study, there to remain in strict seclusion until the following morning, Sunday being Christmas Day.

On Saturday we set to work in real earnest, and by twelve o'clock, when Mr. Bertram dropped in to do us good service by his advice and assistance, we had contrived, with the aid of two carpenters, to get through the major portion of our labours.

Still, however, there remained plenty of odd jobs to be finished up

here and there, and four chimed out from the old Norman tower just as the last camellia was stuck into the moss bands wound round and round the font.

'What do you think of it?' I inquired of Mr. Bertram, as we stood idly looking up the dusky aisle, Tiddy and the curate, Elijah Sebastian Williams by name, who had been persistently getting into everyone's way for the last two hours, having scampered off to their respective homes and hearths the very instant they could be spared.

'It is worthy of you, Miss Yescombe!' he replied, smiling down upon my grimy face.

I remembered that I was wanted elsewhere.

Tea and sundry small fidgets disposed of, the tremendous process of the toilette superseded every other consideration.

My dress was a present from Mrs. Clarke, so was my fan and necklace, and all three were very pretty, matching exactly, to my infinite delight.

Of course, mourning can never be anything but mourning; so there was nothing startlingly attractive about my appearance as I took my last look in the glass before going downstairs; yet, nevertheless, I rather liked myself in that fluffy black and silver costume—liked myself better, in fact, I think, than I ever had. Just as I was about to leave my room, Graham's methodical tap sounded at the door. When I opened it, there she stood, with a bouquet of Parma violets and white camellias in her hand.

'Not for me, Graham?' I exclaimed, with covetous rapture.

The woman looked me up and down, and answered, 'Yes, miss; it is for you, with Mr. Bertram's compliments. He has sent Missis and Miss Tiddy some flowers likewise.'

'Oh, how kind of him; and it suits my dress so nicely, doesn't it?' I was really very grateful, and very much delighted.

'Yes, Miss; you look extremely well—extremely!' and she resettled a turbulent bow.

I wished her a happy Christmas, in the exuberance of my feelings, and rustled off to the drawing-room, as glad as girl could be. No one was down, although a quarter-past seven had chimed out from the Sèvres and ormolu clock on the mantel-piece, and my heart palpitated with dismay at the bare notion of encountering even the meekest of the Stillborough Philistines, who composed the heavy division of Mrs. Clarke's guests, bereft of her protecting presence, for, although at Cropton I was 'Nellie, dear!' everywhere else, you know, I was 'only Tiddy Clarke's governess.'

Before long, however, the sound of Captain Clarke's voice, in the hall, as he impressed on Wakefield the importance of carrying round

'White's brown sherry,' whatever that might be, directly after the mince pies, restored my peace of mind, and I settled myself down in my habitual corner with considerable satisfaction. In a few seconds Mrs. Clarke entered, looking perfectly lovely, in the costliest of lace and sheeniest of satins, tinted like a lilac primrose.

'I suppose that came from Bablock?' she remarked, pointing at my bouquet with her jewelled fan.

'Yes,' I answered; 'wasn't it kind of Mr. Bertram to remember me?'

'Very!' Only the faintest inflection, yet I knew she was annoyed.

'I hope you don't mind?' Somewhat weakly.

'Why should I mind?' rearranging a wonderful pearl necklace before the glass. 'Mr. Bertram and his attentions are nothing to me!'

'Nor to me either!' I exclaimed, feeling inclined to fling the odious purple and white thing to the other end of the room. Mrs. Clarke smiled at herself, as though she ventured to doubt the value of my assertion; and I, sore at heart and wrathful of soul, relapsed into a sulky silence, from which even Tiddy's appearance (seductively attired in snowy tarlatane, flecked with dainty holly sprays) could not arouse me.

Soon the grind of approaching carriage-wheels, proclaimed the arrival of some one or more of our guests, and Captain Clarke, with ferociously defiant whiskers and hair, joined his family circle.

'Who is it?' inquired Tiddy. A stage whisper of 'I don't know' from her father, and Wakefield announced some country neighbours, consisting of an old gluttonous general, his old gluttonous wife, and a fair-faced, rather foolish-looking son, who lived at home with his people, a victim, so said common report, to the dangerous captivations of liquor and love. This delightful youth 'a-hawed' to me until the next carriage full made its appearance, when he betook himself to a seat beside a dark, impressive young lady, the daughter of the vicar of Stillborough, who, with other members of his family, condescended to put his vicarial legs under the Cropton mahogany on this occasion, a proceeding in which he was supported solely by the Rev. Elijah, our Rector having declined Mrs. Clarke's invitation on the score of ill health. And the remainder of the sixteen: what of them, when considered in the aggregate? Well! the less said about them the better.

You see the Clarkes weren't visited by the county, for although Captain Clarke, by reason of his association with the magistrates, knew some of the leading men, their womenkind, with the exception of Lady Headington, who was regularly confined to her room by bronchitis at this season of the year, would as soon have thought of calling

on Mrs. Clarke, as she would have contemplated asking her dressmaker to afternoon tea, consequently, second-rate gentility was in full force at Cropton, and second-rate gentility doesn't look well, as a rule, with its best clothes on.

Nobody took much notice of me during the first ten minutes of my *début* in superior society; at length, however, inspired, I dare say, by a generous pity for my desolate condition, a lieutenant in the Royal Marines yclept Wodehouse ventured to inquire whether 'Cropton wasn't ra-ha-ther dull, you know, in a general way?' and otherwise dazzle my feeble intelligence by his overpowering sense of the 'inferiority, ha!' of the world at large.

Now, I feel convinced that it was extremely captious and ungrateful of me not to appreciate the conversational spasms of this defender of his native land, more fully than I did; but why a man should make eyes at you because you say you are fond of the country is beyond my powers of comprehension; also, it is decidedly offensive to be assured every moment, by look and manner, that 'You're a very jolly little girl, and not half bad fun, besides, being the governess, you see, it don't matter what anyone says to you.' Under these circumstances, the announcement of Mr. Bertram struck upon my dulled ears quite pleasantly (can you believe it?), for he alone of all these gay ladies and gentlemen thought of me, I fancied, as a fellow-creature, and not a beast of burden.

Perhaps, too, I did wish just a little that my social position was sufficiently well assured, to warrant my eating my dinner by his side, but merely out of a desire for rational conversation; wherefore it did not grieve me in the least to see him walk away with Miss Vicar on his arm.

Neither did it disturb me to thank him for his pretty present, as he greeted me at the dining-room door, I being just behind him with that stern, hatchet-faced young man, the Rev. Elijah Sebastian, who, I observed later, ate his food with grim determination, as though he thought it nasty enough to act as a wholesome check on sin.

People call dinner parties dull, especially country dinner parties, and I dare say they are right, people generally are.

Personally, however, on this occasion, I had plenty of fun, for Tiddy and Mr. Wodehouse were our next-door neighbours, and even the Rev. Elijah, under the influence of Moselle, forgot his 'old man for the time being, and related college stories with a simple faith in their power to please which was positively touching.

Now and then I caught Mr. Bertram's eyes gleaming at me through the branches and twirligigs of the epergne, presented to Captain Clarke by 'The privates of the 1st Stillborough Volunteer Rifle Corps, as a

slight testimonial of the respect, affection, and esteem, etc., etc. . . .' and now manifested forth in a glorified condition of candied fruits and hot-house flowers, amazing to behold; but the discovery did not tend to my increased enjoyment. At length a general plunge downward after lost fans, handkerchiefs, and gloves initiated the feminine exodus; and knowing I should not be missed, I retired to my own room for awhile. To tell the truth, Mrs. Clarke was not pleasant in a contradictious mood, possessing a curious knack of making one feel mighty uncomfortable about nothing at all, which would prove no inconsiderable trial in the presence of callous fellow-creatures,—and that she was in a contradictious mood this evening, I knew very well. When I returned to the drawing-room, her highness betokening, neither by glance nor smile, that she was aware of my re-appearance, I found tea and coffee going on, and Mr. Bertram the centre ornament of the female parliament.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, directly he caught sight of my ingenuous countenance, 'now for some music!'

'Let somebody else break the ice!' I replied, 'somebody bigger,' and I retreated to a sheltering window, where a person might sit and see and not be seen. He laughed, and followed me.

'The regulation performances are such tremendous bores that I never permit them at my house!'—this when the window was attained. 'Most people can dance or play round games: but as for their art'—and up go his eyebrows and shoulders——

'You see they don't earn their living by it, so it really doesn't much matter to them.' Not without acerbity.

'But it matters a great deal to me!' laughing; 'and I never permit myself to be annoyed gratuitously! People should recognise their *métiers*. We don't keep peacocks to deafen us with their screeching; we want them to walk about, and look handsome.'

'A remarkably uninteresting process for the peacocks, I should think!' I answered, watching Miss Vicar take off her gloves and examine her rings.

'Oh, dear, no! a genuine peacock is the happiest creature under the sun!'

'In fine weather!'

'What about fine weather?' asked Mrs. Clarke, rustling up to us.

I mumbled something, and felt like a fool. It *does* make you feel like a fool to repeat what nobody cares to hear.

'Oh, indeed!' she smiled, sweetly. 'How very funny. Will you play something, dear? Everyone is wishing to hear you!'

To proceed forthwith to the piano and plunge into something—I think it was Weber's rondo in E flat—was a matter of course; but

Mr. Bertram came and stood by me, so I got on better than I expected. The usual languid, 'Thanks so much!' enunciated, I returned to my seat, to find myself talking to him again—not about peacocks this time, but about a torchlight skating party he meditated giving on the Bablock fish-ponds.

Before we were half way through our discussion on the delights of open-air amusements, mixed up with Russian sleighs, and Canadian sleigh dogs, and Arctic foxes, and bâcheliks, and goodness knows what else besides, people began to haul and drag about the furniture, and otherwise display an accession of psychic force, explainable by one hypothesis only, namely, that they were about to dance.

And about to dance they were, Tiddy having coaxed her father into seeing the advisability of some such diversion in the otherwise slightly prosaic pastimes of the evening, and dance they did, and play I did, with a zeal and vigour as surprising to myself as it seemed agreeable to my fellow creatures.

'Shall I tell you what I should like best of all possible things at this minute?' observed Mr. Bertram, seating himself in a cosy arm-chair by my side; he had not danced at all as yet.

'What!' I asked, absently, giving an impromptu twirl to the 'King of the Cannibal Islands.'

'To give you a double existence; one Miss Nellie Yescombe should play a waltz, and the other should dance it with me.'

'Why don't you dance with someone else?'

'I hate dancing with anybody!' and he got up and walked away as suddenly as he had sat down.

'Mr. Bertram has asked me to play the "Amoretten Tanze,"' smiled Mrs. Clarke at my elbow, before many minutes had passed.

'But you would rather not. It will bore you,' I said, hastily, fearful lest she should think I wanted to shirk my duty.

'On the contrary, it will be a pleasant change—to me, at least,' with an odd, dry little smile.

'Let me find them for you, then.' This with alacrity, being anxious to make my peace.

The canterbury, where the dance music was kept, stood in a corner near the piano. While I was rummaging in it, Mr. Bertram sauntered up. I heard him observe that the last time he listened to those waltzes was at Munich, where they were played by Gung'l's band to perfection. I heard her run her fingers feebly over the keys, and say 'Thanks,' when I placed the piece on the desk. Then I heard myself asked to take a turn round the room, then—quite suddenly—inexplicably,—I found myself floating over the carpet in the most heavenly way imaginable.

'Thank you!' said Mr. Bertram, as the tune grew fainter and fainter. 'That was indeed a treat!'

'What, to you?' I exclaimed, showing plainly enough how thoroughly I appreciated his choregraphic powers.

'I should think so; but I knew you could dance, directly I saw you walk across the room.'

Something—a sudden influence—an unaccountable fancy—made me hastily withdraw my hand from his arm. At that instant the clocks beat out the first slow stroke of twelve. 'A happy Christmas!' smiled he, and mechanically I repeated the hackneyed salutation; but the words had scarcely left my lips, when before me rose the vision of a chill, bare cell, of a sorrow-stricken, pallid face—my father's face; dim, tear-drowned eyes looked into mine—my mother's eyes.

Loud rang the church bells in honour of Christ's birth, loud rose the jocund carols on the still, calm night, buoyant with old world joy. I could bear no more, my heart was full to the brim with bitterness. I turned away, and fled to my own room, heedless of remark, there to fall upon my knees, and pray, with grievous sobs and saltest tears, that my next Christmas Eve might bring with it happier, peacefuller memories and brighter hopes than this.

So ended my first gaiety.

(To be continued.)

PROTHALAMION.

SLANT, happy dawn, across the silent fields,
And kiss the sleeping lilies into life;
Make a new spring with love and gladness rife,
And all the sweets that dying summer yields.
Sweet flowers that passed away before your time,
Turn back awhile and greet her steps to-day;
Or strew at least your shed leaves on her way;
Then die. But she is ever in her prime;
With her the seasons never change nor move;
'Tis ever summer time when she is by;
Though all the leaves be sere and branches dry,
She sheds on all her summer light of love.

Come forth, Dan Phœbus, golden lord of day,
And leave the sable chambers of the night;
Thy chariot waits for thee; impatient neigh
Thy steeds to follow on their course of light.
Bend from thy crystal-battlemented height,
And kiss her closèd eyelids ere they wake,
And with bright beams of purest lovelight make
The glory of the dawning day more bright.
See! where she sleeps within her chamber fair,
And as she, waking, lifts her eyes above,
See how she turns, all blushing, from the glare
Of the new day, the crowning day of love.

See the soft heaving of her gentle breast
  Beneath the lily coverlid, that hides
  No line of her fair body. Sweetly glides
Love's light across her face, the perfectest
That ever Aphrodite gave to bless
The world—a reflex of her loveliness.
Her waxen limbs; her fair, round, pink-white throat;
These do but fairer charms denote,
That only one may know. Ah! quickly move,
Ye last, long hours that keep him from his love!

Come, ye fair maids, to greet your fairest queen,
And deck her beauty forth in bridal sheen;
Array her golden hair in wreathèd flowers,
Clothe in pure white the bride that Venus dowers
With her own beauty; veil her blushing face;
Yet think not that the envious woven lace
Can hide from true eyes what her graces prove,
The perfect loveliness of perfect love.

See, as she comes, the flowers for very shame
  Hide all their heads, and bow their tender stalks.
The breeze can only sing her darling name,
  Or bear her voice's music if she talks.
The birds in lofty nests troll forth her praise,
Vocal in honour of her day of days,
Hymning her beauty through the leafy grove,
In songs that tell of life in deathless love.

The church, bedecked with green and virgin white,
  Wakes from its six days' sleep one sweet brief hour.
The sun refracted lends his altered light
  To gild the path of her whose grace hath power
To light the darkness of God's empty house,
  And charm death into day. The motley crowd
That gaze and wonder, from their sloth arouse
  To worship her whose beauty is endowed
With holiest gifts of the blest Heavenborn Dove,
The spirit of pure peace and perfect love.

Now ring your loudest, all ye happy bells;
  Peal out, great organ, all thy brightest tones;
For while the music loud and louder swells,
  Fully the pæan of to-day atones
For pent-up days and hours of voiceless joy,
  That strove in vain for utterance, looking ever
To this dear day of love without alloy,
  That crowns a union life nor death can sever;
A record entered in the books above
Of Heaven—the earnest of eternal Love.

Unity Deifies Units.

By Compton Reade.

'Divide et impera' is ever the motto of judicious opposition, yet the value of combination is but imperfectly appreciated. Limited liability companies have, perhaps, too often afforded an example of the limited success of unity. But, then, such failures ought to be relegated to their true cause. No doubt, individual action under certain circumstances, more especially for the origination of projects, may sometimes eclipse the collective potentiality of ill-regulated adventure uncontrolled by a singleness of purpose; compared, however, with the combined effort of unanimity, its force is but feeble. In no one respect, perhaps, does combination or co-operation show to such splendid advantage as in dealing with questions of social economy. In evidence of this truth, we propose to hazard one or two practical illustrations, such as may possibly serve to elucidate its meaning, if not to attract the attention of those whom it most widely effects.

We assert, then, of our present system, that it is one of social wastefulness. That we have been in the habit of buying in the dearest market is a truism incontrovertible. The glaring absurdity of handing over one-fourth of our entire income to the retail tradesman is patent enough. Hence the co-operative store. We have not as yet, it is true, developed this sane system universally. As yet, the man least able to bear the sponge of retail petty profit suffers from its pilfering the most cruelly. The labourer's loaf, tea, tobacco, beer, and other necessaries are still taxed both directly, in the shape of from 30 to 60 per cent. addition to price, and indirectly by wholesale adulteration. It would surprise many an artisan to learn that by co-operation on the scale of his favourite trades-union, he could gain a great deal more than the extra wage he will strike and starve to obtain, besides realising money's worth in return for his tender. It would amaze many a lady now so heavily oppressed by domestic worry and prodigality to learn that by a very simple expe-

dient, her housekeeping figures could be materially reduced, and yet that the results should be quiet, comfort, satisfaction.

For example: An average London square numbers, say, one hundred houses, each one of which maintains a plain cook, whose cost may be estimated in the rough as follows: wage £20, food £30, perquisites £20, waste £30, total £100—a sum, we are convinced, very much below the actual standard, could we bring to bear the test of fact. In plain arithmetic, this square is expending annually £10,000 on cookery, and that too on a scale suited only to the requirements of the home circle. For, be it remembered, when ostentation demands an enlargement of the *ménu*, the aid of some barbarian confectioner is invoked, who garnishes, seasons, and spoils every single dish with lemon; who imports soup made of graves, pastry compounded of rancid butter, and countless abominations elegant to the eye, deleterious to the stomach. The profit amassed by this rascal out of the square does not come into our calculation, and need not be assessed. Suffice that it is considerable. We are content *pro argumento* to allow our figure to stand at £10,000 for the cost of dressing food for about 1,000 mouths, the number of persons employed being not less than 100. Seriously, this is a mistake from every point of view. Had you one grand common kitchen for the whole square, superb cookery could be provided at a cost of about £2,000 per annum—giving a clear saving of at least £8,000. From 15 to 20 cooks would amply suffice to serve such a kitchen, which, being conducted by a first-rate *chef* on principles of cleanliness and economy, would supply the 100 homes with such meals as they never now taste. Provisions would, of course, be purchased and retailed at wholesale prices. Waste would be minimised, sameness avoided. The basement floor would no longer emit nauseous odours. Plain or professed cookery would cease to provoke by the plainness of its blacks and grease, by the incompatibility between profession and practice. Food would be obtainable at a few moments' notice, without the uncomfortable though morbid feeling that a domestic was being 'put upon' by an unavoidable deviation from the usual routine. The lady's mind would be at peace—the gentleman's appetite would be satisfied, his heart rejoiced.

To such a kitchen might be not inappropriately attached a bakery, served by wholesome country girls, skilled in the art of bread and roll making, the material used being, of course, flour; a dairy to furnish butter and cream produced from a substance called milk; a brewery to afford nectar at about threepence per quart, the ingredients whereof would be malt, hops, and a little water; in short, our plan, suggested by the ancient kitchen and buttery of the better-ordered colleges in our universities, involves alike a return to simple, unadulterated prin-

ciples of dietary and the primitive system of mutuality. Perhaps the scheme could best be tested by the erection of a new square on some open space, say, between Maida Vale and Kilburn Park; but we are very confident, were it once tried under sound Bursarial management, that the present system of isolation in gastronomy would very soon be exploded.

Further, there would accrue at least two additional advantages.

First, it is universally admitted that among the minor evils of life there exists no greater curse than that of domestic servants. Of this class the prime and the perennial offender is sure to be 'Cook.' Diabolical is nurse, whose regard of infant life is but little superior to that of the baby-farmer. Bestial is your housemaid, who utterly misinterprets the uses of common vessels. Rascally is John Thomas, always on the alert to convert your respectable domicile into a harem, whilst he tipples your better vintages unconscionably. Condemnable is William, who starves your horses, whilst charging you with corn sufficient to fatten a stud. But of all familiar demons, Cook exceeds the rest in depravity. Fancy the total elimination of this gad-fly, and you are at once on the threshold of Utopia. Nurse, under the influence of chronic blackguarding, may rear your chickens. Mary, properly taken to task, may be induced to act justly, if not to her own person, at least to your carpets and tables. John Thomas, at all events, keeps your silver bright, and can rise to moral elevation on the subject of clean napkins. William, if he forgets to feed, remembers to groom. But Cook combines every known vice under her definition. She is as dangerous to your intestinal peace, as a nurse to a child's spine. She is far dirtier even than dirty Mary, and that too—horror! —with your food. She shows herself much more indiscriminate in her choice and quantity of liquor than even John Thomas himself, whilst her relations with X 190 are hopelessly equivocal; lastly, she is quite as addicted to petty larceny as William, and possesses, in addition to all this, a speciality of her own, viz., a temper beyond all description or control. In fine, she is the costliest item of modern civilisation, yielding withal the most negative return, for this simple reason, that, *audax omnia perpeti*, she can do anything except—cook.

Emphatically, therefore, her room is cheaper than her company, and yet, except on our mutual principle, she is an inevitable permanence, tight as a barnacle, tenacious as a limpet.

Secondly, we hold in the interests of domesticity, which includes, we believe, the man, that it proves nothing short of an unmitigated misfortune to all parties concerned when a husband discovers that he can dine at his club more satisfactorily than at his home. That such should ever be the case is a stiffish satire

on home-management, for club dinners, as a rule, afford neither wonderful variety, delicacy, or excellence. They are Anglo-French, wrought of superior materials, but infinitely below the artistic form of an ordinary French or Belgian restaurant. Most Englishmen —it may be constitution, climate, epicureanism, or all combined, but from one cause or another, most Englishmen, we repeat—think a great deal of their dinner, and, indeed, if you find a man dead to all thoughts of dinner, you may conclude that there is a screw loose somewhere, that his nature is akin to that of the wretch who 'hath not music in his soul.' As an excuse for our national temperament in this respect, we may remark that our bread-winners work very hard, and their only practical daily wage is their feed after the day's labour is over. Now, to the wearied and hungry soul, the aspect of a wife's countenance, shadowed by desperation at 'cook's' wilfulness or ignorance, proves hardly reassuring. The *pôtage à la fume*, with charred sole to follow, the sodden cutlet steeped in some vile essence of onion, the over-roasted joint, the tripey pastry, the tough macaroni—in other words, the simplest dishes ruined by criminal incapacity; surely, a man who pays through the nose for these must be little short of angel not to feel wrath with all and singular who have combined to cheat him out of his well-merited feed. He does not ask for luxury, merely for comfort. Perhaps he is quite the reverse of *gourmet*, or *gourmand*, yet can draw common distinctions between right and wrong, and thus is tempted to threaten dinner out for the future—an arrangement in which his wife ill-advisedly acquiesces, simply to avoid the thraldom of responsibility, the impossibility of slanging a stupid woman into the barest mediocrity in gastronomic art.

Again, therefore, we would obtrude our mutual system as a corrective of this not inconsiderable danger to wedded happiness. We have been advocating economy *vice* waste; cheap comfort *vice* dear misery; a relief from carking care for the lady *vice* a perpetual fear of a prandial *fiasco;* perhaps we might add, a varied and refined *ménu vice* an indigestible gorge. To the rejoinder of opponents that our idea is impracticable, we can only maintain a dissentient silence until the time shall come when it shall be put to the unerring test of experience.

So far as regards the educated classes. *Mutato nomine*, the same rule applies to streets as to squares, to byeways as to highways, and with infinitely more telling force. Why, we ask, should 100 poor women, whose time is of infinite value to themselves and their belongings, employ themselves in cooking dinner for 1,000 mouths when fifteen could perform the same function more effectively? Have mothers no maternal duties but those connected with the pot and oven? Are there no neglected little ones receiving the grammar of sin into their

souls in the gutter? If nothing better, could not the time saved from the process of cooking be profitably employed in cleansing their homes of filth and its corollary, disease? Most assuredly, to these queries common sense can return but one answer. The case will not admit of argument. More, however, than these considerations may be urged in favour of a common kitchen. As matters stand, the hand-worker fares very indifferently. His wife, as a rule, acting on the principle of her class, that nothing is worth trouble, cooks for him carelessly if not uncleanly. She is penny wise and pound foolish in her selection of food, much preferring cheap offal to fair-priced nutriments. The tea she purchases is so abominable that her husband is driven to beer, just to take the taste out of his mouth. Her whole thoughts are centred on herself and her children. In short, sooner or later the poor man finds out the ugly fact that his comfort is uncared for; then, after a succession of experiences, his rough nature resents the injustice, and at last he avenges himself in intoxication, starving the hearth which has offered its master so poor a welcome.

The labourers, perforce, having to make a very little go a very long way, ought to practice a rigid economy. As a rule, they are weakly lavish. To their minds the sublimest of social virtues is 'not to be pertiklar,' in other words, to rejoice in a stomach strong enough to retain reesy bacon, to digest, without nausea, a peck of dirt. Their dictum is that anything does, and this they term contentment. To them grains of paradise and salt do not render malt liquor vile, nor is size different from butter, if only it be sold for ten times its value under that name. Considering the nature of food offered universally for sale in our poorer quarters, this lack of discrimination seems fortunate; otherwise one-half of London victuals would have to be consigned to the hog-tub, or main-drainage, and thereby necessaries would stand at famine prices. The truth is, that strong manual labour is magnificently invigorating. Hence the working man can relish and digest almost anything—a raw onion, for example, to say nothing of 'old ale,' which, from its acidity and curious composition, would disorganise a brain-working system for a good forty-eight hours. Quantity is that which these rough-and-ready toilers value, not quality; a bellyful, not a dinner; a mighty swill, not a convivial evening. Vain, therefore, would it be to suppose that they or their wives will strike out for themselves an original line in economy, cleanliness, or comfort. Give them higher education, and all this will change. But to-day, whatever improvements are to be effected, must initiate with their educated superiors, who, according to our notions, set a very poor example as regards the avoidance of social extravagance. The beam is blinding the eye of intelligence, and the less it prates about the mote of ignor-

ance the better. There exists, however, a mild awakening desire for improvement, as evidenced by the patronage accorded to the co-operative stores. The origin may be selfish, but so also is all excelsior doctrine, if analysed.

Probably, there is no political problem more imminent than that of how our people are to exist. Doctrinaires wish to reclaim so-called waste lands, or, in other words, to organise a crusade against the few natural beauties left untouched by the axe and plough in odd corners of our once picturesque land. More daring theorisers would advise the wholesale spoliation of landed rights, to be followed, of course, by a subdivision of all real property, or its re-absorption by the State for communistic purposes. Now, both the problem and its solutions look equally ugly. Certes, it cannot remain unsolved *in perpetuum*, and our conviction is that no nostrum has as yet been proposed which equals co-operation. If a man's expenditure could be reduced one-third by means of common kitchens supplying all necessaries ready for use at wholesale prices, we should hear less of bogeyism. Fill the bellies of the people, and you make them Tories. The importation of eatable foreign meat, at a minimum price, would prove a truer national blessing than the monopoly of ten new manufactures, or the discovery of a solid gold mine. Our position is, that co-operative kitchens, supported by the dwellers within a certain radius, selling cooked food at wholesale prices, would provide most beneficially for the daily needs of the working classes. There might, and would be, difficulties in organisation at first, but time and experience would gradually smooth their edges, and in the long run the system would work. For example, the coal-heaver, who now dines off a sixpenny pie of very feline pork, would be able, at the same cost, to enjoy a plateful of roast meat, with bread and potatoes, or dumplings. This, too, would be eaten at home, let us hope with a similar 'commons,' to borrow a kindly mediævalism, for the mother and little ones. The subject need not be pursued further. We have essayed to hazard suggestions, the outlines of principles—not by any means to enunciate a perfect scheme. We must conclude, therefore, by asking for an indulgence which is seldom refused to the baldest philanthropy, if only it happens to be presented in genuine colours. Our heading, an old thought of years gone by, intended to apply to greater, has done duty as a text for a discourse on the philosophy of small things. We doubt not that the future of the world will prove its truth, so far as force is concerned. It will be well if the deity of the units be invested with that wisdom without which, *vis mole ruit sua*.

The Philosophy of Beards.

By Samuel Phillips Day.

In very remote times the Beard was considered not merely a natural and useful, but even a venerable and sacred appendage. In the Book of Leviticus, it appears that Jehovah, through Moses, imposed this obligation on the Israelites—'Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard;' no doubt an allusion to some prevalent and popular Egyptian custom. The priests of Egypt—not the people—shaved both head and chin, suffering their beards to grow only in seasons of public calamity. The like practice was adopted centuries later by Jews and Assyrians. For a long period the beard was held in high honour by the Jewish nation. This is clearly exemplified in the case of those Ambassadors whom David sent to comfort Hanun the Amorite, upon the death of his royal father. The prince, fancying them to come as spies, committed the outrage of 'shaving off the one-half of their beards,' and in this plight expelled them from the city. This partial denudation of their beards caused the Ambassadors to 'feel greatly ashamed,' so that they were directed by David to 'tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return.'

The wearing of the beard was, by some nations, strictly regarded as a religious rite from which no dispensation was possible. Even its management became a matter of grave importance. The Tartars estimated the Persians as no better than infidels, forasmuch as they would not adopt their custom of cutting the whiskers. A long and sanguinary war was waged owing to their obstinacy, which arose from a national sense of honour. So highly did the Persians value the beard that, according to St. Chrysostom, their kings had this natural appendage woven or matted with gold thread. This style of hirsute ornamentation was improved upon in subsequent ages by the rulers of France, who had their flowing beards fastened with gold buttons. None need be told what a vast value the Turks set upon their beards. Sooner than be despoiled of them, they would prefer the ignominy of being

publicly whipped or branded, nay, even accept death itself. Only slaves who attend the seraglios are shaven, as a token of servitude. The Arab is known to preserve his beard with scrupulous care, almost bordering on devotion; in all probability, out of respect for the Islam Prophet, who wore this majestic mark of manhood. The anointing of the beard with unguents is traceable to extremely remote times, and was constantly practised by the Jews and Romans. The Turks still adhere to this custom. On occasions of staid visits one of the ceremonies observed is to sprinkle scented water on the beard of the visitant, and then to perfume it with aloes wood.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the beard was an object of great veneration. Not only so, but it was considered to possess some occult charm, and regarded as a sacred pledge of confidence and protection. According to the Grecian Mythology, when Thetis sought to avenge the wrongs of her son, she embraced the knees of Jupiter and touched his beard in supplication. Another illustration of this is presented in the plaintive story of Dolon and Diomede. The former thought if he could but touch the warrior's beard his life would not have been forfeited. The Greeks did not commence to discard the beard until the time of Alexander the Great, who ordered the Macedonians to cut off the same, simply as a precautionary measure, lest when in battle such would afford the enemy an undue advantage. This practice was abandoned in Justinian's reign, when long beards once more came into vogue. The philosophers, however, always distinguished themselves from the vulgar in this respect, by suffering their beards to grow, irrespective of the imperial mandate to the contrary. In Athens it was incumbent on such as cut off their beards that they should wear a medal bearing the inscription 'Korses,' or 'shaven,' as a badge of contempt. That was a truly biting sarcasm of Diogenes when he asked of a smooth-chined voluptuary 'Whether he had quarrelled with Nature for making him a man instead of a woman?' So significant a symbol of Wisdom did Perseus regard the beard, that the highest encomium he could pass on Socrates was, 'Magistrum barbatum.'

The toga (or mantle) and long beard were at one time the distinctive characteristics of Roman philosophers. Lucian represents a learned man who had presented himself as a candidate for a professorship, as being actually unqualified owing to the shortness, or rather sparsity, of his beard. It was not until nearly five centuries after the foundation of their famous city that the Romans first make use of the razor. Barbers were then brought from Sicily to ply their vocation. No doubt they drove a profitable trade, irrespective of the fact that their calling was pre-eminently a *sharp* practice. Scipio Africanus

was the first Roman who daily underwent the odd ordeal of shaving; a fashion adopted by the Emperors till the reign of Adrian, whom Plutarch tells us wore his beard to conceal scars on his face. The striplings of the 'Eternal City' usually had a tentative effort made with the razor when they assumed the toga virilis, which was when they arrived at their one-and-twentieth year. Augustus did not shave quite so early. The day on which this pruning process was performed became regarded as a festival. Ceremonial visits were paid and numerous presents bestowed. Such was the dominion of fashion that young men who permitted the *lanugo*, or soft down, to remain on their chins were nick-named 'juvenes barbatuli,' or 'benè barbati.' Individuals of rank had their sons shaved for the first time by their equals, or, if possible, by those of higher grade. By this act they were made the adopted fathers or godfathers of such persons; a custom handed down to Rome Christian, when one became the godfather of a child by merely suffering it to stroke his beard. In the treaty entered into between Alaric and Clovis, one of the articles stipulated that the former should touch the beard of the latter and become his godfather. This touching of the beard at one time was equivalent to the taking of an oath.

No European nation has shown greater attachment to the beard than Spain, so that one popular proverb runs, 'Desde que no bay barba no bay mas alma;' Anglicè, 'Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls.' The Portuguese in this regard are scarcely inferior to the Spaniards. A story is told of the celebrated John de Castre, who flourished in Queen Catherine's time. Being in Goa (an Indian seaport) and necessitated to borrow one thousand pistoles for the use of his fleet, he pledged a portion of his beard to the inhabitants as collateral security for the loan.

With the Normans the beard was held in abhorrence; somewhat similar to the Ancient Britons, who contented themselves with the cultivation of hair on the upper lip. The beard, however, was allowed to grow by the Anglo-Saxons. When William the Conqueror, among other acts of oppression, compelled the English to cut off their entire beards, the edict was regarded as a wanton display of authority and tyranny. Some preferred abandoning their country rather than conform to so intolerant and insolent a decree. Peter of Russia issued a similar mandate. In both instances such arbitrary laws were universally disregarded. Sometimes they led to popular outbursts. It is said that upon Harold despatching scouts into the camp of William I., they returned in ecstacy at the cheering prospect of a speedy victory. They reported that their enemies were not soldiers but priests, having all shaven faces! Singular to say, on the seal

of William the Conqueror he appears with both moustachios and beard.

The fashion of wearing beards obtained in France till Louis XIII. ascended the throne. The premature death of his sire, Henry IV., caused a revolution in this custom, though the Duke of Sully did not conform to the dress of the courtiers. Being once ridiculed for his obstinacy, he said to the King, 'Sire, when your illustrious father did me the honour to consult me on his weighty affairs, the first act of his was to send off all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his Court.' Beards were again worn in the reign of Louis XIV. Condé, Corneille, and Molière, like the ancient kings of France, took much pride in their beards. Duprat, the famous Bishop of Clermont, who built the Jesuits' Church at Paris, is reputed to have had the finest beard ever known—'too fine a beard for a bishop,' as the Canons of his Cathedral thought. Hence they came to the rude resolve to denude him of it, and actually made the attempt one day in the church. The prelate, perceiving the dean and others with the instruments of torture in the shape of scissors, razor, etcetera, made the best haste he could out of the edifice, and fled some leagues off to the Castle of Beauregard. Here he pined, and at length died, it is said, through sheer vexation.

The Eastern and Western Churches have not only had controversies respecting points of doctrine and discipline; they have had disputes concerning beards. One Church enjoined that ecclesiastics should wear them. Another Church positively prohibited this usage by express *constitutions de radendis barbis*. Even the Greeks were scandalised at the beardless images of saints in Roman Catholic places of worship. The Roman clergy once assumed the right of legislating on the matter of beards. The hirsute ornament of Henry I., for example, was condemned by some priests from the pulpit; and so persistently that the King, to get rid of such fulminations, had to yield to their demand. Yet, notwithstanding this, in twenty years we find the beard on the effigy of Henry II. In after time the beard was carefully cultivated, and worn with pride. How touching that incident at the execution of Sir Thomas More, when he drew his teeming beard aside from the fatal axe, and naïvely remarked to the executioner, 'My beard has not been guilty of treason!'

There are various descriptions of beards mentioned, such as the pick-a-devant, or sharp-pointed, beard, once worn by merchants; the cathedral, or broad beard, which characterised bishops and grave men; the forked, or broad beard ending in points; the mouse-eaten beard, which we are told 'groweth scatteringly, here a tuft, and there a tuft;' the long and thick, or emperor's beard, such as was worn by Hadrian and Antoninus Pius. Then, there is the beard of

'the general's cut,' mentioned in 'Henry V.;' and the 'great round beard,' compared to 'a glover's paring knife,' in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' The beards of the Greek heroes are represented as short and curled; those of the Roman soldiers as short and frizzled. Maimonides refers to the 'five corners' of the beard, 'none of which,' he observes' 'much less all, might be shaven off, as the manner of the idolatrous priests is.'

Shakespeare observes, 'He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.' Nevertheless, beards are not always symbolical of manhood. The very imperfections specially appertaining to woman may frequently be discovered in those who have faces otherwise than smooth. We can readily condone the moral weakness of the fair sex, who commonly are thought to be less highly endowed than their imperial or imperious master—MAN. But feminine foibles, superciliousness, and self-assertion, when seen in the so-called 'lords of creation,' excite profound disgust in sensible people. Some finical men turn what should be emblems of honour into dishonour. They are vain of their symmetry, beauty, dress, and the 'presence' they can show; are self-elated even with their beards, with which they tenderly toy, as doth a Spanish lady with her fan. Thackeray, that nervous portrayer of human nature, shows a deep insight into character when he writes in 'Vanity Fair,' 'The *bearded* creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over toilets, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world.'

A Song of the Olive Tree.

By B. Montgomerie Ranking.

Writhen with anguish,
That comes of my toiling
To succour who languish
Because of earth's spoiling
Heart's blood full meekly
I yield to the weakly,—
I, the pale Olive Tree.

Strength to the striver
That toils for my crowning
Aid when the shriver
Waves back the fierd's frowning:
Aiding in life and death
Shade and ease lie beneath
Me, the wild Olive Tree.

When the lamp dimly
Burns late for the thinkers,
When the board trimly
Is spread for the drinkers,
Still upon me they call:
I gladden cell and hall,—
I, the dull Olive Tree.

He whose hand healeth,
And he with mouth freeing,
He that revealeth
All beauty of being—
Leech, priest, and painter raise
Threefold my constant praise,—
Mine, the meek Olive Tree.

At my feet lying,
The Healer hath blessed me ;
Worn with strong crying,
His weary head pressed me.
I held the painter saint
When his great heart grew faint,—
I, the strong Olive Tree.

RUSSIA AND INDIA.

By Col. Laurie.

[1848.]

"What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)?
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines.

—Campbell.

The Central Asian Question, and the policy of Russia generally in the East, are forming interesting subjects of discussion both in England and India, the publication, therefore, of these speculations may be welcome to many readers. They were written exactly a quarter of a century ago, and the reader must accept them as the thoughts of that day.

Much of the time of our modern thinkers is employed in a sort of mysterious speculation. I call it mysterious; for this revelling in the future appears hardly to be sanctioned by common-sense and the progress of events by which we are surrounded. I do not allude, of course, to such an important foretold event as the return of the Jews to Jerusalem, and their experiencing 'the sure mercies of David,'—although even that glorious prophecy is indulged in with too hasty conclusions,—but to the speculations regarding such countries as Russia, France, England, and India. Let us take these countries in order: let us look at them, not with a speculative eye, but according to the *rationale* of fact—fact marked indelibly on history's page. Napoleon styled history 'a fable agreed upon:' it appears difficult to perceive the force or entire truth of this assertion. History, when not solid, when it does not bear upon the reader's mind with the force of truth—when it merely boasts the stamp of a fanciful production from an imaginative and frenzied author—may then warrant Napoleon's remark,—for then it becomes merely chronicles of events held forth

in the romantic dress of 'ideal perfection.' But good, sound history—history which accords with the present nature and progress of things around us—can never allow the *ideal* and *romantic* to overshadow the political progress and importance, and future prospects, of nations. Truly, 'There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time.'*

The emphatic and splendid lines of the poet Campbell, which head this paper, the reader will have perceived are applied to the power of Russia—against which country there may be a far more warlike, but never such a determined literary enemy, as the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' Byron sent forth his heart-stirring poetry over the 'fallen warriors of Greece:' he loved to warble over a country which demanded the sympathy of mankind. Campbell, with a similar spirit, was never so much in his element as when thundering against the barbarous and revolting qualities, and growing power, of Russia. His violent hatred to the Emperor sometimes approaches the most personal abuse; but what could be expected from the just indignation of such a patriotic mind as Campbell's, who felt the oppression and tyranny of 'th' Imperial Thief' even stronger than the Poles themselves? But the poet has not lived to see the day 'when Poland's fight is won,'—the day of her resuscitation which he has foretold—when the nations shall behold

. . . . . Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravished from the foe;—

neither have we yet lived to see it: yet, after so much injustice, it is not improbable that, should ever a war take place between Russia and any of the leading powers of Europe, Poland will rise in its beauty again. Russia is a power of the greatest magnitude. Most people prophecy about it. Most nations fear it. What is it to come to? Is it to go on growing larger and larger—like a huge leviathan with its teeth becoming sharper and stronger—always ready to grasp at a weaker nation than itself? Who can tell? It seems most reasonable to suppose that, in course of time, Russia will fall from ambition, more than from provocation; or she will seek to conquer rather than to go to war with a great power, which does not, judging from the present, appear applicable to either France or England. But there is one thing apparently certain—which was not so when I last endeavoured to speculate fairly on the same subject—that the Russian power will never approach to India,—that it was never intended that the Russians should have anything to do with India,—the manner of her political conduct being as unsuited to this country as the native government of

* Emerson.

New Zealand would be to Russia. France tried to found an Empire in India, in times favourable to such an enterprise. France, Portugal, Holland, Denmark—what cares Hindustan about them now? These powers have vanished (in the opinion of the native) into thin air, and their labours have gone with them. Destiny acts a chief part in human events. England was intended to civilise India: that civilisation is progressing slowly, very slowly—yet it *is* progressing; and until sufficient improvement is accomplished (it seems that this will at least take two hundred years more) the star of Albion, it is not probable, will (if intended to fall at all) begin to decline.

I can see nothing inconsistent in harmless speculations such as these; they take their complexion from the working of the political machinery around us; but there *is* apparent inconsistency as well as absurdity in some people, who positively name such a year for the Millenium to take place; who assert that great 'political, moral, social reforms,' will be in one, two, three, or any number of years; who state that when the Jews are fairly re-established in Jerusalem, the regeneration of the world shall commence. Is it too much to suppose that England is the chosen instrument for the regeneration of the world? that its sword may be that called for to overcome the great nation which is to 'come up from the north parts'?* that England is destined to punish the 'army and malice of Gog,' and cause Jerusalem to escape from tribulation, and *triumph over her enemies?* that the light of English civilisation will be that which shall usher in 'the millenial day'? that ours is to be the country which is to preserve Palestine, should invaders infest it, while 'the dawn of Zion's glory' 'waits the return of Zion's King'?

The nation in the Scriptures, of which it is said, 'And thou shalt come from thy place out of the north parts, thou, and many people with thee, all of them riding upon horses, a great company, and a mighty army,'† may be France, or it may be Russia; but there appears to be a general supposition that it is the latter; and it certainly, if it be either, seems the most likely of the two. Of Gog, the leader of the great army which is to come up against Israel, an elegant writer‡ asserts 'that there seems a very general opinion that Gog denotes some Russian Prince. The Septuagint is thought to favour this idea; since it might be rendered the Prince of Rush (instead of the chief prince of Meshech), and Meshech and Tubal are supposed to correspond with the present titles that are used with reference to the reigning power

* Ezekiel xxxix.

† Ezekiel xxxviii.

‡ Mr. Lillingston, in a very interesting work, entitled 'Israel's Sins and Israel's Hopes.'

in Russia, since he is designated the prince of Rush, or Russia, Moscow, and Tobolsk.' This alludes, as the reader will have perceived, to Gog's being described as '*the chief prince of Meshesh and Tubal.*'

I shall now endeavour to show why it is more probable that Russia will invade Palestine than any other nation. The military glory of Russia rose and stood still with Peter the Great, the man who defeated Charles the Twelfth, and 'extended the commercial relations of Russia on all sides, even to China.' Yes! although the Russians have displayed on many occasions great military skill and courage, we are yet obliged to turn for grand events—events in accordance with such a grand nation—to the days of Pultowa and the rise of the magnificent St. Petersburg. Russia has realised nothing great since the death of its great founder. Strange anomaly in history, that the real grandeur of Russia should have existed during its rise. France, on the contrary, from Charlemagne to Napoleon, presents one continued series of great events—conquest and defeat, glory and disgrace. But it was in the height of its glory during the reign of Napoleon. His attempts to invade Palestine were frustrated: his scheming with Tippoo Sultan* was discovered and met with its reward; and had *he* been alive during our late campaign on the Sutlege, even *he* might have foretold that the future glory of India and the East would proceed from England. But although Russia does not equal France in enterprise or achievement, we know very well how great have been, and are at present, the internal improvements, how extensive the political relations, of the country: we know this; and it is this which would seem to place the rise or fall of Russia in abeyance.

Thoughts like these are apt to cause the student of history to exclaim with Gibbon: 'How vast a field lies open to my reflections! In the hands of a Mostesquieu, the theory of general causes would form a philosophic history of mankind.'

* More serious than this, with regard to the future interests of British India, was Napoleon's talking over Paul, the Emperor of Russia, to make an overland invasion. The French and Russian troops were to force their way through the kingdom of Persia, 'Thirty-five thousand French,' says Scott, in his 'Life of Napoleon,' 'were to descend the Danube into the Black Sea; and then, being wafted across that sea and the Sea of Azof, were to march by land to the banks of the Volga. Here they were again to be embarked, and descend the river to Astracan, and from thence were to cross the Caspian Sea to Astrabad, where they were to be joined by a Russian army, equal in force to their own. It was thought that, marching through Persia by Herat, Ferah, and Candahar, the Russo-Gallic army might reach the Indus in forty-five days from Astrabad.' What a gigantic project! Napoleon would have far outshone Tammerlane or Alexander the Great had he only put his theory successfully into practice. His intended invasion was previous to the French being driven out of Egypt in 1801.

To form a consistent theory of general causes, it appears to me, is about as difficult an undertaking as the discovery of perpetual motion; or, in plain words, it is a human impossibility; and neither Montesquieu, one of the most profound thinkers that ever existed, nor Gibbon, the immortal historian of the Roman Empire, could have produced a wise theory. To look at the rise, grandeur, and fall of empires, it is well for a man to content himself with the general causes and effects themselves, without running into theories, which are generally apt to mislead or bewilder.

It does not seem very improbable, then, that Russia may, in course of time, invade Palestine; from the fact of the Eagle having so long disdained to soar to a great height—high above poor Poles and brave Circassians—and having so long refrained from encountering any circumstances which might produce a mighty yet glorious fall. But this does not argue in favour of those who assert that the Millenium is *very near* at hand. Russia may continue in a state of seeming *inertia* for hundreds of years more, unless it be engaged in war with one of the great European powers—the result of such a war, of course, then changing all political speculation.* I have said before, that it is apparently certain the Russian power will never approach to India. A few reasons for such a positive assertion.

To a former 'Essay on the Moguls, and the Mogul Empire in India,'† I appended the few following remarks: 'Many people at the present

* But prophecy is as unchangeable as it is certain to be fulfilled. What can be more convincing than the following remarks of Dr. Keith?—'In regard to the political changes or revolutions of States, since the prophecies concerning them were delivered—Jerusalem was destroyed and laid waste by the Romans; the land of Palestine and the surrounding countries are now thinly inhabited, and, in comparison of their former fertility, have been almost converted into deserts; the Jews have been scattered among the nations, and remain to this day a dispersed and yet a distinct people; Egypt, one of the first and most powerful of nations, long ceased to be a kingdom; Nineveh is no more; Babylon is now a ruin; the Persian Empire succeeded to the Babylonian; the Grecian Empire succeeded to the Persian, and the Roman to the Grecian: the old Roman Empire has been divided into several kingdoms; the Saracens obtained a sudden and mighty power, overran great part of Asia and of Europe; and many parts of Christendom suffered much from their incursions; the Arabs maintain their warlike character and retain possession of their own land; the Africans are a humble race, and are still treated as slaves; colonies have been spread from Europe to Asia, and are enlarging there; the Turkish Empire attained to great power, it continued to rise for the space of several centuries, but it paused in its progress, has since decayed, and now evidently verges to its fall.'—EVIDENCE OF PROPHECY: Introduction, p. 13. This surely cannot be called 'A fable agreed upon.' We know every one of these assertions to be a fact.

6 Attached to the 'Notes on Pondicherry; or, the French in India.'

time are continually arguing the subject of *whether or not it is probable the Russians will in course of time become masters of India;* thinking, perhaps, that like the Mogul Emperors, they have just to take a quiet ride into Hindustan, and compel us to deliver up the country. The grand difficulty in the enterprise of an invasion, would be the immense tract of country the invaders would have to cross over.* The disasters of the Russian campaign of Napoleon—those of the Grecian one of Xerxes—would come far short of the calamities which would befal the invader of India, while British power is there.'

Since these few words were written—a little more than two years ago—what mighty events have taken place! The Punjaub,—the country which Alexander the Great failed to occupy in order to complete the conquest of the world—the country with a people whose independent spirit, and consummate military skill and bravery, which, combined, seemed to cast a gloom over the future prospects of British India,—where is its much boasted glory now?—'Fallen, fallen, fallen!' Where the pride of the Khalsa army?—rooted out; but that, doubtless, for the better. Liberty cast her dawning smile over a beautiful land, when the British standard was planted nigh to the walls of Lahore. Liberty! Liberty, the Britain's boast—the boast of a country which knows how to respect 'the inviolability of treaties and the right of nations!'

Akbar Khan also is dead; and his infamy and his intrigues have gone with him. His confederacy with the Shah of Persia,—his rabble army from Candahar—on the defeat of his hopes with the troops of Affghanistan and Persia,—his probable application to the States on the borders of the Russian Empire for assistance,—all this, combined with such a determined hatred to the British power in India, prevents our sorrows for the loss of the great Akbar Khan. 'There is every reason to believe,' says an influential and impartial authority,† 'that if Akbar Khan had lived, a very vigorous effort would have been made to wrest the sceptre of India from us.' But Providence, on this momentous occasion, as well as on that of the Sikh invasion, had ordained that Britain should uphold her glory; so Russia—if she has, or ever had, any design at all upon this country—will have received a lesson which her prudence will not easily allow her to forget.

Let the reader now turn to the map of Asia, and he will find, below

* 'When Russia has *conquered* Persia, and perhaps Bucharia—when she has advanced her victorious banners into the mountainous defiles of Affghanistan—when this her extended empire has remained to her for several years, then, but not till then, shall we tremble at the Russian name, and despair for British India.'—*Asiatic Journal for February*, 1823.

† The 'Friend of India.'

the Aral Sea, in Tartary, a small State by name Khiva. This little principality lies about 200 miles W.N.W. of Bokhara (Bucharia); and, as regarding any probable designs of Russia upon India, is a place of very great importance. The Khivans are styled by Burnes, 'an organised banditti, protected by the natural strength of their country.'* They plunder Persia and all the neighbouring countries; and formerly even seized the subjects of Russia on the Caspian Sea, and sold them as slaves with the Persians. I believe there are no Russian slaves now at Khiva—the Emperor having placed his *veto* on trafficking with his own subjects several years ago. This State is the commercial *entrepôt* of Russia and Bokhara. Burnes, some thirteen or fourteen years back, reckoned the population under 200,000 souls. To show the disasters that might befal even an attempt upon Khiva by the Russians, the reader has only to turn to an account of their expedition in, if I mistake not, the winter of the year 1840. General Perosker, who commanded in the expedition (set on foot to recover Russian captives), related to an officer in the Madras army, at St. Petersburg, that the nature of the country was so hostile to Russian enterprise, and the want of the common necessaries of life so great, that the soldiers, in their retreat, were compelled to break off the wooden stocks of their muskets to cook their victuals. Even allowing the difficulty of the Russians establishing their power at Khiva, I cannot help supposing that British India is not *entirely* safe until our political influence extends to either Affghanistan or Persia. This, in course of time, may be effected; if so, so much the better for these countries. But enough of political speculations. Peace is the grand requisite now. To improve the vast amount of territory already gained, to educate and better the condition of millions of ignorant and deluded beings,—to do this well would add far more to the glory of Great Britain than the conquest of the whole world.

---

* 'Travels in Bokhara,' vol. iii., p. 306.

The First Architect since Wolsey.

By Compton Reade.

When an architect dies, he is remembered for the most part only by the churches, institutions, houses he may have erected. *Monumentum si quæris circumspice* is his somewhat defiant motto. Should he adhere with average consistency to one particular style, we may regard him as an apostle of that style, be it Palladianism, Gothicism, Byzantinism; there has been, however, but one of this order since the Renaissance who may fairly be termed the evangelist of a gospel in stone.

That man was Pugin the elder. Had he spoken to a nation less devoured of religious prejudice, he would at least have been heard. But, as it was, his burning words of truth dispersed to the four winds of heaven. From the hour he joined the Roman Communion he ceased to have an audience beyond that small section of society which has embraced the ancient faith. Worse still for him—and for them—the religionists whom he addressed were not at all prepared to accept his dogmatic teaching. They had been educated in the *bizarre*, and cared little for the pure. To them doctrine meant much, symbolism little. Or, if they did adopt symbolism, they preferred it on a garishly realistic scale. To their minds a Mediæval Madonna in stone, enshrined beneath a canopy of fret-work, might be all very well, but was, for the practical end in view—viz., that of exciting the devotional feelings of the ignorant—rather inferior to a doll dressed in Honiton lace, resembling the effigy of a cumbrously clad fine lady at an evening party. Hence the great good that Pugin might have effected in the concrete became an impossibility. Indeed, his life would have been wasted, had not he left behind him certain products of his pen, which, although to this day unread by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand of our educated classes, do exist; and, now that the hurly-burly of theological warfare has calmed down, may even yet energise for the good of humanity. We must bear in mind that the great mass of writers on every known subject, for the most part, write for writings'

sake. They follow the bubble reputation, or they seek the public ear, as a medium for the attainment of filthy lucre. This man, however, was actuated by the noblest of motives. He had within him grand convictions, gathered not from hasty, imperfect, but from profound, careful generalisation. He had gone in blindness of mental vision to the moss-grown stones and lichen-eaten traceries and half-defaced mouldings of the past. In these he had learnt a lesson. Therein he had discovered truth. Discarding at once—nay more, openly and manfully repudiating—the work of his earlier life, ere he had attained to a knowledge of this more excellent way, he proclaimed his gospel. Like every enthusiast under the sun he was more of an advocate than a judge, more of a votary than a critic; perhaps also now and then prone to exaggerate, and thereby weaken an otherwise impregnable position. For all that, never man spake stronger and more thorough truth, and it has been nothing short of a national misfortune that prejudice interposed a wet blanket between so honest a mouth and the ears of a dull, but not altogether stupid, public.

It may be objected to the above remarks that Pugin was more of a religionist than an architect; more the instrument of a creed than of an art.

To this we reply, that it is a grave question as to whether Pugin ever was a religious man at all. He was by nature a poet, and it requires very little poetical feeling to carry an artist in the direction of high mass embellished by the transcendent genius of Beethoven, or the voluptuous imageries of Mozart, Weber, Hadyn. Sentimentalism is not religion. It may be admitted that he drew much of his architectural doctrine from an ecclesiastical source. That, however, was unavoidable in his case. For his major premiss was, that architectural art reached its climax in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and at that period of history, as everyone knows, the clergy were the builders and designers of the civilised world. They left their mark all over Europe, nor can an impartial mind omit to accord to them the honour so indisputably due to genius and perseverance. The grand art principles laid down by Pugin may be briefly stated as follows:

1. That the Pointed style of architecture is best, both in respect of beauty and convenience for every item of building, from cathedral to railway bridge, from palace to hovel. Further, that it is in the long run cheapest, because least artificial.

2. That a deviation, however slight, from the principles of this style produces error; but that the style has the widest adaptability for all purposes.

3. That a mixture of styles is abominable.

4. That mendacity in art is unpardonable. He was the first to

denounce stucco and plaster imitations of stone; sham vaulted roofs, where vaulting would, from the nature of construction, be utterly impossible; and, in short, every lie.

5. That colour, transparent and opaque, is essential to perfection.

6. That all work should be thorough, wrought, for art's sake, artistically, even though it should be hidden from view by distance.

7. That ornament should be auxiliary and subordinate to construction, instead of the reverse.

8. That work should aim to be lasting, not ephemeral.

9. That utility should determine form—a canon which knocks regularity and spic-and-span uniformity on the head, and thereby ensures the picturesque.

There is a city in the centre of the Continent which, as one may say, has been created during our own lifetime at a fabulous cost. King Ludwig of Bavaria indisputably had many of Pugin's notions in his head. He was a Gothicist, but of the purblind school who could perceive the rare worth of the style, but were unable to discover its principles. Hence Munich is a farrago of blunders. It is grandiose. Nothing more. Perhaps his architectural absurdities paved the way for the great Gothic revival, just as the school of Overbeck—a very Munichian artist—led up to pre-Raphaelitism. Now, if only King Ludwig had had the luck to meet with such a master of architectural art as Pugin, it is not too much to say, that Munich would have been the glory of the world. The King and Pugin would have agreed heartily as to principles 1, 2, 3. The great architect would have beaten 4, 6, 7, 9, into the royal skull; whilst, to do Lola Montes' æthetic lover full justice, he was in advance of his age in respect of 5, as witness his gorgeous church in the Ludwigstrasse; and, from the substantial character of his material employed, may be credited with principle No. 8.

It was reserved, however, for the practical English to acquire principles, which somehow the theoretical German mind could not fathom. The Quaker Rickman had done much by an honest antiquarian study towards collating facts. The poems of Sir Walter Scott, not less than his novels, had interested the public mind in everything Mediæval; architectural and antiquarian societies were forming both north and south of the Tweed; and a body of learned men in our chief centre of thought were reverting to the teaching of the middle ages. The time was ripe, and the teacher came. It would be false to say that we have not profited by his precepts. Certain quidnuncs chose the least meritorious design for our new Parliament House, but it is Pointed, although debased, and perhaps Pugin may be credited with some few of its merits. The Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, is the most

exquisite art gem created during the last four centuries. Manchester Oxford, Doncaster, Bristol, Cambridge, and half a hundred other towns, contain new edifices of an artistic character; and if the nation succumbed to the drivelling decision of a dotard dictator in the matter of the Foreign Office, there is some hope as regards the new Law Courts.

So far so good. Yet the nation has not listened to its prophet, nor obeyed his voice.

Pugin was thorough. He cared not merely for the whole, but for the pettiest detail. A 'Brummagen universal' door handle on one of his buildings would have 'gared him grew.' Not less assuredly would his feelings have been hurt to perceive how men have persisted in their belief that the style he taught to be adapted, fit, and appropriate for everything, is suited only for churches, museums, colleges, and other buildings of a purely *public* character. It is true that here and there, as, for instance, in the City, architects have been bold enough to Gothicise a patch of street frontage; villas, also, and parsonage houses, have begun to display symptoms of a Pointed character; and at Oxford an entire suburb has been built on principles more or less Puginesque. Nevertheless, the leaven has not leavened the whole lump. Thousands of houses have been built, hundreds of streets formed, and yet the reproach remains that whereas four centuries back our architects were poets, scholars, men of refinement and art-sympathy, to-day we employ, for all ordinary purposes of domestic architecture, not the man of genius, learned, at all events, in his art, but an illiterate trader called by the brutal name of 'builder'! 'Piler' would be a better term, or 'muddler,' inasmuch as his sense of fitness is such that he delights to jumble together Mediæval and Etruscan detail. He will commingle Palladian with Decorated outline in his crass mental incongruity; then, having perpetrated enormities which ought to suffuse his conscience—if he had one—with eternal blushes, he coolly advertises his hodge-podge as 'neat, commodious, and elegant.' Happily, the dense public, who patronise the comic medley style of architecture, have not seldom to suffer. For the rogue, who presumes to build, being ignorant of the very grammar of building-art, is tolerably safe to put in green wood, honeycombed gas-pipes, and window-sashes of inadequate size, to say nothing of certain drain arrangements calculated to ensure typhoid fever.

We are far from assuming it proved that the Pointed style is best for houses. We have our opinion, which may be right or wrong. It must, however, be admitted that a heterogeneous mixture of styles in one building is alike bad in itself and offensive to the sensibilities of artists. Further, the Pointed style, in its simpler and less ornate form, has never had a fair trial. Our 'Belvedere Roads' and 'Mont-

pelier Terraces,' which high-sounding titles often designate lines of one-storied houses, would not be so degradingly ugly if it were not for those hideous square windows, too large for proportion, those patches of dirty stucco, those detestable depressed slate roofs. Variety in a flat frontage, a high-pitched roof, an arching of the windows and doors, would 'save' the street, for brick is not an ugly material, tiles are ornamental, and simplicity without pretence has its own beauty. Leave but half a foot between the pavement and the wall for ivy, westeria, and virginia creeper, and what a different London you would have. No need of tracery, or pilasters, or capitals and shafts; Nature would provide all that, in spite of the smoke. Allow room for a projecting flower-box, then you would have colours, in the summer, at all events. Best of all, make the dwelling of the toiler more tolerable, and you would diminish the spurious charms of the gin-palace.

Nor is there any reason why the same true principle should not be applied to shop-fronts. Messrs. Deane and Woodward, as far back as 1856, proved to demonstration, in the Oxford University Museum, the adaptability of iron and glass to Pointed architecture. If *only* these two national materials could be used in lieu of shafts of polished granite, surmounted by a Decorated capital, the whole supporting a Romanesque arch! *O dura ilia* of these wonderful builders! Do they never suffer from nausea?

Perhaps the finest satire Pugin ever wrote—and he is nothing from end to end if not satirical—was his volume of architectural 'Lieder Ohne Worte,' or, as he entituled them, 'Contrasts.' There you have specimens, selected fairly enough, of the English buildings of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with those of modern days. For instance, there is King's College, Cambridge, and King's College in the Strand; Ely Palace, Dover Street, and the ancient Ely Palace which stood formerly in Holborn; a mural tablet to a Bishop and his *two* wives in Salisbury Cathedral, to erect which abomination some exquisite Early English work has been ruthlessly hacked away, and the recumbent figure of a Bishop of the pre-Reformation period. In this last, the anti-Protestant spirit of the man crops out; but he is totally impartial, for he elsewhere contrasts, in a spirit of, at all events, equal acerbity, an ancient altar, enhanced in splendour by a reredos, of exquisite ornamentation and perfect ritual propriety, with the modern Roman altar, whereupon *Autel Privilégie* is superscribed in letters a yard deep, very much as if the designer were an *employé* of Messrs. Smith or Willing.

These 'contrasts' were intended as a direct attack on the Pharisees, the Pecksniffs of the architectural profession; those iconoclastic

ruffians who, under the flimsy pretence of 'beautifying,' had hacked and hewn our cathedrals more mischievously than old Noll Cromwell and his Puritan fanatics; those impudent impostors who have been heavily subsidised for their wanton annihilation of monuments. Sir W. Hamilton rightly wrote 'that England was the only country in the civilised world where a man would presume to write a treatise on a science the very grammar whereof he was ignorant.' He was referring to Archbishop Whately's logic; a work which raised its writer, owing to popular ignorance and readiness to accept assertion, to the highest rank in the Church. Like the great Balliol philosopher, Pugin lived too late for his criticism to prevent sciolism from being handsomely rewarded, yet not too late to create an interest in the science whose principles he expounded. For, he could not only emphatically expose the false, he was able also to enunciate accurately the true; and if his successors—*e.g.*, Sir G. Scott, Messrs. Butterfield, Street, and others—have advanced beyond Pugin's stand-point, we are convinced that to his analysis they are indebted for the majority of the principles on which they design, as well as the detail which renders their designs harmonious and effective.

Before we conclude our notice of this great thinker, it would be but fair to acknowledge a fault of his, which, had he flourished later, he might possibly have avoided. In an age of the grandest engineering achievements we need not wonder that an ambitious architect, filled with profound convictions, should have been led to trench on the province of the engineer, and, as a not unnatural result, share the fate of all *sutores* who go beyond their last. Possibly from a belief in the identity or equality of beauty and strength, Pugin advocated for railway bridges the pointed, in preference to the semi-circular arch. Pragmatical opponents snapped at the blunder, and denounced its author as unpractical, his system as delusive. For ourselves, we regard the error as most pardonable, inasmuch as for ordinary viaducts, not exposed to extraordinary pressure, the pointed arch is æsthetically superior to its rival; nor can we cease to regret that Westminster Bridge was not permitted to harmonise with the noble pile which towers above it; professional prejudice, it was whispered, proving strong enough, to outweigh the artistic accuracy of the Prince Consort, the good taste of Royalty itself! Nor must it be forgotten that the engineers of Pugin's day had taken upon themselves architectural functions beyond their province and capacity, the results being public monstrosities of varying ugliness, bespattered over every line of rail in the kingdom. We lay bare, however, this flaw in Pugin's system, nor shall we seek to offer an excuse for him further than that it would been little short of a miracle if one fresh from the instruction

of some such a master as James Wyatt, the destructive, or Blore, could have acquired by his own patient mental research the whole truth, untarnished by one single item of falsity. That he escaped so thoroughly from the amazing sciolism of three centuries, after but a few years of laborious heartwhole investigation is surely enough. He needs no further monument to his genius than the volumes he has bequeathed to all right-minded architects of all time. The stones from which he drew his inferences will have crumbled into dust, the few buildings he erected be forgotten, before that his influence shall have perished. Visionaries may prate of a new style of architecture; but the newest style will be but the more perfect development of principles culled from the truths of ancient art. By the neglect of those principles the art of architecture became first debased, eventually all but extinct. The modern revival of both is due to the transcendent genius of a man, who in himself, proved the old truth that, 'artists perish, art dies never.'

Co-operation & the Civil Service.

It is to be hoped that, after the admirable answer given by Mr. Lowe to the late deputation from the 'National Chamber of Trade,' the retail traders will seek some more sensible means of opposition to the Co-operative Societies than that of endeavouring to prevent the Civil Servants of the Crown from engaging therein. It is scarcely worth while to revert to the absurd and illogical arguments used by some of the members of the deputation, and the reply of Mr. Lowe has already been widely circulated and universally commented on. Still, the fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, the co-operative principle has become almost identified with the Civil Service, and that a considerable amount of obloquy has been cast on a valuable body of public servants in consequence of this impression.

It is, of course, well known that the principle of co-operation had existed, especially in the manufacturing towns of the North, long before the foundation of any of the large societies with which London now abounds. The working men of the manufacturing districts had long since perceived the amount of overcharge to which they were subjected by the excessive profits charged by the retail traders, and had taken steps to relieve themselves from those burdens and their concomitant evils of the credit system and the County Court. The middle and upper classes had, however, made no endeavours to help themselves, and the traders were consequently reaping a golden harvest. In 1866, we believe, a few gentlemen connected with the General Post Office purchased a chest of tea for division among themselves at the wholesale price. It occurred to some of them that this principle might be advantageously applied to other articles, and a society was formed for this purpose, at first confined to the Post Office officials, but which soon extended to the whole Civil Service. This was the Civil Service Supply Association, the largest and oldest of all the co-operative

societies. A host of followers have since sprung up, one in particular, the Civil Service Co-operative Society, having for its object the distribution of the profits acquired by trading, whereas the old Association retained strictly the character of a friendly society, though in opposition to the wishes of a number of its members who were anxious for division of profits.

Although these societies retain the name of 'Civil Service,' it is well-known that the majority of their *clientèle* consists of persons outside that service, and this is one of the sorest points of the tradesmen's grievance. The admirable management of the Civil Service Supply Association in its early days caused the name to be so thoroughly associated with the co-operative principle that the public eagerly rushed for tickets in the two large Civil Service societies, while several others which were started perished for want of support. It is this that has injured the Service in the eyes of the traders, who, not unnaturally, have used every means in their power to overthrow the obnoxious societies, forgetting, as Mr. Lowe properly reminded them, that, were the Civil Servants to retire from the management of the stores, other people would take them up at once. These last, too, would be in all probability able to devote the whole of their time to them, and one of the weak points of the Civil Service societies would be made stronger. Moreover, with a direction who could devote their whole time to the task, the issue of members' tickets could be indefinitely increased, as there would no longer be any reason for keeping the operations of the stores within any sort of limits.

We cannot help alluding to one or two rather amusing points in the speeches made by the deputation which were overlooked by Mr. Lowe, probably as being altogether foreign to the subject. One speaker reiterated the old absurd charge against those of his brother tradesmen who have had the sense to largely increase their operations by acting in concert with the societies, viz., that they have two sets of prices, one for ordinary customers, and another, which, when discount is allowed, becomes the same as the first. This same speaker had only just extolled the universal honesty of British shopkeepers. Another noticeable (though not surprising) feature was the absence of all allusion to the adulteration question, and of attempts to defend what Mr. Bright has declared to be an inherent right of tradesmen.

The Civil Service do not, we believe, support these stores themselves to any very great extent; in fact, in some quarters they have been strongly opposed as giving the trade a handle for injuring the Service, and not without some reason, when members are returned to Parliament pledged to oppose all increase in Civil Service salaries so long as Civil Servants are permitted to engage in trade. The course

taken by the traders in this, as in the species of 'rattening' exercised against those wholesale dealers who supply the stores, is as foolish as it is wrong. Were they to content themselves with legitimate profits, and sell better articles, there are weak points in the co-operative system which would soon bring it to the ground.

Popular Control over the Licence System.

By James T. Hoskins.

However politicians and economists may differ in opinion as to the functions of State-intervention, all at least agree that the trade in intoxicating liquors must be subjected to restraints. Even the very individuals who are supposed to be chiefly interested are wont to feel decidedly uneasy when they hear injudicious philo-publicans calling out for a removal of all restrictions. Free trade arguments are, in the main, based upon the hypothesis of the desirability of the widest possible interchange of commodities, which, in proportion to the extent of their production and the universality of their distribution, tend to make life agreeable and comfortable. But, whether one takes the positively or the negatively regulating view of the province of legislation—that is to say, whether we consider it the duty of Government to interfere in many affairs, such as huge sewage works, that may for various reasons be more fitly entrusted to the care of the people's chosen administrators; or whether, in true Spencerian fashion, we confine State action to the protection of life, liberty, and property, by the maintenance of police, enforcement of contracts, &c.; we must surely arrive at one and the same conclusion, viz., the necessity for efficient protection against the publican interest, which at present stands opposed to the interests of all other classes. As members of civil society, we consent to part with a considerable portion of our natural freedom for the sake of the inestimable advantages derived from the assistance and co-operation of others. We may, however, and—as right involves duty—we ought to demand that the laws of the State shall be so framed as to place the fewest possible limitations on individual liberty. We have a right to expect that Government, for keeping up our gaols, workhouses, and reformatories, should not take more money out of our pockets than is absolutely necessary. We may,

then, fairly claim the removal by the Legislature of such plague spots as are manifestly the exciting cause of a burden of taxation too grievous to be borne with equanimity. 'The end of Government,' says Locke, 'is the good of mankind.' If it can be proved that any trade conflicts with general national well-being, it is simply a question of expediency how far that trade should be subjected to regulation or restriction. It must be acknowledged that the same principle of interference applies, in theory, to every injurious commercial enterprise. Bull-baiting, betting, and gambling houses have long been under an interdict, and doubtless the time may come, when the evils arising from excessive smoking may seem as flagrant to our descendants as the overweening indulgence in alcoholic drinks appears to us. Just as we, in our more advanced state of civilisation, can endure self-imposed restraints which would have been laughed to scorn in the days of Charles II. and Queen Anne, so our grandchildren may, for the public good, cheerfully incur sacrifices which could not be expected of the present generation. It were futile to contend that Acts of Parliament cannot make people virtuous, when it is a recognised axiom of politics that, in a certain degree, they are very efficacious. The objection surely springs from a strange confusion of thought. It is true that, in comparatively free countries, any unlooked-for law deeply affecting the social habits of the masses would run the risk of remaining a dead letter on the statute-book; but if that same law had been the subject of a protracted popular agitation, it is in the nature of things impossible that it could be generally evaded. It is not so much the Act of Parliament which conduces to the preservation of health and morality, as the self-educating process extended over many years, of which the Act may be regarded in the light of an emblem. Besides, the indirect influence of legislation is often more binding than many people are apt to suppose. There are hundreds and thousands of men and women who abstain from certain actions; or, as the case may be, fulfil specified duties, without bestowing much thought upon their policy or impolicy, their morality or immorality. Again, some—we trust not incurable politicians—contend that improved education alone suffices to check the ravages of the drink tyrant, just as though this very cry for legal restriction were not the result of the recent universal diffusion of political knowledge. All the book-cramming in the world is of no avail, unless it be turned to some practical account, and of all the various branches of human learning, there is none more elevating, more refined, or more humanising than political science, as it may be studied in the writings of philosophical thinkers, in the pages of 'Hansard,' in first-class reviews, or in the vicinity of public plat-

forms. One of its most rudimentary lessons teaches us the nature of those solid foundations of popular control which, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons, have 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent.' But, before discussing the best method of safely extending this valuable principle in the present instance, let us very briefly sum up the fearful effects of that blighting liquor trade, which, leech-like, sucks the very life blood from our Christian civilisation.

Whereas, in 1861, the money laid out in the purchase of intoxicating drinks was £94,942,107, we find that in 1869 these figures swell up to the awful total of £112,885,683, or nearly 18 millions in excess. Taking the population of the latter year at 31 millions, it may be computed that, while the sum expended on cotton goods was only 6s, 0½d. for each man, woman, and child, in the United Kingdom, or £1 10s. 2½d. for every family of five persons, the corresponding drink figures were respectively £3 13s. 2½d. and £18 6s. 0½d. Again, the report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, published in 1870, shows that there are 150,599 public-houses and beershops in the country, excluding retailers of wine, refreshment-house keepers selling wine, retail brewers, table-beer sellers, &c., which bring up the number to 186,096, that is, one to every 33 houses, or every 165 of the aggregate population. It naturally follows from these figures that the statistics of crime, lunacy, pauperism, and commercial depression would assume the most alarming proportions. For example, although the United Kingdom exports rose in value from £60,111,082 in 1845, to the—making all allowance for free trade measures—prodigious sum of £199,640,983 in 1870, nevertheless the poor and police rates of England and Wales alone, in the said years, increased from £6,857,402 to £11,377,613; while the total expenditure on intoxicating liquors mounted up from £77,001,413 to £119,082,285. In other words, side by side with an advance of more than 300 per cent. in our foreign trade, we find an additional 80 per cent. levied for the maintenance of paupers and criminals, population in the *interim* having only increased in the ratio of 11 per cent. We must, of course, be on our guard against the fallacy of inferring causation from casual conjunction; still, one cannot but be struck by the connection between the poor-rate statistics and the awful length of the drink bill. Let us look into the matter a little more closely. Mr. Elijah Helm, in a paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society, calculates that the value of cotton goods, of all kinds, retained for *home* consumption in the year 1869 was only £8,501,737, as compared with £13,716,400 in 1861, thus indicating a decrease of 5 millions sterling, although the export trade in cotton had risen from £52,872,489 in 1860 (the year before the American war

broke out) to £67,159,064 in 1869. It is evident from the figures that, while the fear of being supplanted by Continental merchants is wholly without foundation, the terrible falling off in the internal traffic affords grounds for serious anxiety. There must be some cankerworm eating its way into the heart of our body commercial, when a nation, in many respects most prosperous, lavishes on poor and police rates £13,541,827, or 5 millions in excess of what is given in exchange for commodies which form our staple manufacture. Those, moreover, who wish to form a clear conception of the pernicious effects of the liquor trade on the labour market, cannot do better than turn to the *Scotsman* newspaper for January 2nd, 1869, where it is reckoned that the Caledonian Distillery at Edinburgh, which concocts 2,000 gallons of spirits per annum at 15 shillings a-gallon retail price, only gives employment to 150 men, whereas, if £1,500,000 were laid out upon some one or more reproductive industries, it might have provided useful labour for no less than 12,000 or 15,000 persons. We do not mean to say that, for this reason, every brewery should be closed. Our object is to call attention to the reckless statements put forward respecting the alleged benefits conferred by the trade upon the working classes. Mr. Hoyle, in his 'Forgotten Chapter on Political Economy,' reckons the total amount of grain and vegetable produce used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors at 70,000,000 bushels. Now the mere tyro in economics knows perfectly well that a bad harvest is particularly detrimental to the poor, because, when food is dear, they cannot afford to buy so many clothes and other necessaries. But what essential difference is there between the effects of an inclement season, and, from a non-teetotal *Times'* estimate, the annual destruction of 35,000,000 bushels, which might and ought to be spared for nutritive purposes. For instance, at the rate of 15 four-pound loaves per bushel, they would give us 550,000 loaves, or 90 each year to every family of five persons throughout the length and breadth of the land. Add to this long catalogue of woes, the quantity of expensive machinery lying idle, owing to the absence of drunken and incapacitated workmen, the destruction of property by sea and land, the defrauding wives of half the earnings, which are justly due in return for their in-door labour, the heartrending misery in domestic life, the unutterable evils, which never come to light, and the inevitable perversion of order, morality, religion, and we are bound to admit that a searching reform of the licence system is urgent, and the utility thereof painfully evident.

Of the various licensing unions, the United Kingdom Alliance—if, indeed, it can be called a licensing union—has, for twenty years, raised the flag of total suppression, to be effected through the agency of Sir

Wilfred Lawson's Permissive Bill. Without entering into the merits of this well-known measure, one cannot help expressing a regret that its more prominent supporters did not, previous to the passing of the Act of 1872, give a more earnest support to the moderate temperance reformers. Such a conciliatory policy would be quite consistent with their principles, for they profess to be in favour of every plan which would have the effect of diminishing the aggregate consumption of beer and spirits. This can only take place through a reduction of the number of taverns, *i.e.*, through restriction, which is surely tantamount to partial prohibition. As a matter of fact, the country is not prepared for a complete development of the principle of popular control, and we trust it never will be. But it would, we believe, give an enthusiastic and cordial reception to proposals somewhat similar to those embodied in the programme of Sir Robert Anstruther's union, a much more advanced and thorough-going body than the Licence Union, which, like the Alliance, holds its head-quarters at Manchester. The leading feature in the scheme of the National Association, that sits at No. 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, is the transfer of the licensing authority from the magistrates to boards of elected representative ratepayers. It maintains that power should, as far as practicable, be co-extensive with responsibility, and that the magistrates have nominally too much of the former and ostensibly very little of the latter. In some localities, it is true, like Luton, in Bedfordshire, the existing laws have been made the most of, and administered in a spirit of repression rather than indulgence, but, generally speaking, the justices have proved their utter incompetency to deal with the question. Sometimes they are themselves personally interested in public-house property. More frequently, they are pressed to renew licences by rich friends connected with the trade. Again, though here and there, as at Manchester, they have been known to undertake a detailed investigation of the houses upon their list, yet, considering that judicial statistics betray the existence of at least 4,000 drinking places, which are the resort of bad characters of both sexes, it cannot be denied that they have, as a rule, signally failed to do their duty. Many are doubtless very anxious to check the fearful onslaughts of the demon, but others are lukewarm, and all feel hampered by the absence of that amenability to public opinion which can alone enable men to cope with multitudinous worrying obstacles to the becoming fulfilment of grave administrative functions. The positive arguments in favour of elected boards are even more convincing. The Association advocates popular control over the licence system on grounds of public justice and practical necessity. It contends that such an extension of the principle of local self-government would be in

harmony with the spirit of English institutions. It declares that the ratepayers, who suffer annoyance from the riot and debauchery too frequently attendant upon public-houses, and who are obliged to pay very heavy poor and county rates in consequence of crime and poverty, three-fourths of which is occasioned by intemperance, have a right to protect themselves against the possibility of losses liable to be incurred through other men's depravity. After ample discussion, it has arrived at the matured conviction that there can be no better judges of the requirements of a locality than the residents, and that the triennial election of members for Licensing Boards, superseding the present Brewster Sessions, would tend to bring men and women under the influence of a political training, well adapted for fostering a healthy public opinion in regard to this important social problem. After all, the principle of restraint has been admitted ever since the time of Edward I., so why not carry it out in such a manner as to render it effectual? It must be noted that the Association unanimously resolved not to concede unreserved authority to the people, and that therefore the boards should be forbidden either to increase the number of licences or to abolish any of those already granted, without compensating the holders. As to the expediency of the first limitation, there cannot be much divergency of opinion, and it ought to be a sufficient answer to the objection that the liquor interest, exerting all its electoral strength, might actually augment the number of tippling dens in neighbourhoods where their diminution was most desirable. But the solution of the compensation question is, in very truth, beset with difficulties. On the one hand, it may be urged that, since the licences are only issued from year to year, and the magistrates are not obliged to renew them, the publicans have (which is strictly correct) no legal rights whatsoever; that they must have anticipated the coming blow, and that, if equitable claims are to be respected, why not compensate the owners of depreciated house property? Why not compensate the tax-payers, who practically contribute part of the vast sums flowing week after week into the tills of liquor vendors, who make enormous profits out of England's demoralisation and shame? Aye, why not compensate the sorrowing wives and neglected children of these victims of the gin palace and the beer hell? On the other side, however, we have the unanswerable argument that the country has, or ought to have, known all along the evil results flowing from the present licence laws, and that, after sanctioning the indefinite multiplication of these taverns, it is under a moral obligation to compensate dispossessed publicans for losses entailed by the summary closing of their establishments. Besides, it is simply ridiculous to

speak of every licensed victualler in the kingdom as an evil-disposed ruffian. No good cause was ever served by giving vent to unchecked wordy abuse. We have but little sympathy with such false analogies as that the liquor dealers have no title to compensation, for that, when the mail coach proprietors were damaged by the opening of railways, and the farmers by the repeal of the Corn-laws, no one thought of granting pecuniary relief to either one or the other of these two classes. The argument is plausible, but exceedingly superficial; for it utterly ignores the fact that neither farmers nor coach-owners were *compelled* to give up their trade, but were beaten in open competition by more inventive or more favourably circumstanced producers. The natural law of supply and demand sufficed for the replacement of the old by the new modes of transit and distribution of cereals, but in the case of the partial prohibition of the liquor traffic, a great many traders would be forced out, through the special intervention of the Legislature. No, the analogy would only hold good if our aims were limited to underselling in the market, and so defeating the publicans by the erection of innumerable coffee-houses. As it is, the best precedent we can call to mind is the abolition of slavery, when a sum of twenty millions was handed over to the planters. We must, then, calmly, and dispassionately, in the dry light of reason and refined sense, weigh the claims of beer and spirit sellers, not, indeed, to extravagant, but distinctly moderate compensation for capital visibly sunk in the concern. The Association proposes to requite publicans who, by the action of the boards, may be forced to seek some other means of gaining a livelihood, by the imposition of a licence rental of a few pounds a year, in addition to the ordinary excise fee, upon those who are allowed to have their licences renewed. In the event of the number of applications ever being in excess of the fixed proportion, it is recommended that the licences should be put up to auction, and assigned to such candidates as bid the largest sums over and above the licence rental. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* estimates that an extra tax of this description—upon which, by the way, the expenses of the local boards are meant to be a first charge—would yield £250,000 in the first year, enough to buy up 5,000 licences (only). Thus, the dram-shops would be gradually reduced, until they fell to Mr. Bruce's standard of one to every 1,500 of the population in boroughs, and one to about half that number in rural districts. As has been previously stated, while the boards would have no power to exceed the *maximum*, they could go on curtailing the licences to any extent, until, perhaps, at some future, not very remote, period, it were possible to reach the enthusiastic temperance reformer's *ultimatum*, viz., total prohibition of the common sale of intoxicating drinks. We

now most respectfully venture to suggest the following somewhat serious deviation from their programme. 1. Let us boldly face the question of paying moderate compensations out of the Consolidated Fund. Spread over a series of years, the cost would not exceed twelve millions, and would very quickly turn out to be a most remunerative investment. 2. The State might lay down the exact limits within which municipal bodies may be suffered to regulate the traffic. Let there be a *maximum* and a *minimum* limit; say, not more than one public-house or beershop to every 500, and not less than one to every 5,000 of the population, including children, in towns, provided, of course, in the latter case, there be a corresponding amount of applications for licences. Within the specified boundaries, let the boards have unlimited authority. As an illustration of the manner in which the scheme might work, take the town of Preston, in Lancashire, which at the present moment contains about 500 public-houses and beershops to a population of 85,000, or one to every 170 persons. Under the above-mentioned arrangement, there could not be more than 170, and if the representatives chose to act up to the full extent of their restrictive power, there might be as few as seventeen, and, of course, twenty, thirty, ninety-five, or any intermediate number, of houses. 3. Many people are, with good reason, alarmed, lest a monopoly of the sale should tend to throw the trade into the hands of very rich brewers, who would contrive to purchase the freehold or leasehold of adjacent dwellings, and thus set up gin palaces on a scale of illuminated magnificence hitherto unprecedented. With the view of meeting this objection, we advocate the insertion of the 12th clause of the New Zealand Licensing Bill, which prohibits the holder of a publican's licence from having 'in or upon the premises, in respect of which the said licence shall have been issued, more than one public bar opening upon any public street or road, or public way, for the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors.' This is an excellent provision, and if, besides, one or two extra precautions were taken in the way of *shortening the length* of public bars, there would be little or no fear of the sale being prodigiously augmented through the increased activity and superabundant wealth of the sellers.

The Association suggests, among other improvements, the permissive total prohibition and compulsory shortening of the hours of sale on Sundays; the prohibition under penalties of any and all kinds of adulterations; and the termination of all beerhouse licences on the vacation by death or insolvency of existing licensees; an amendment sure to be most acceptable, considering that the Beerhouse Act of 1830 was enacted through the influence of the late Lord Brougham,

under the mistaken impression that increased facilities for beer drinking would have the effect of counteracting the cruel temptations of the grog-shop.

So far, so good, but any strong licensing bill ought, we think, to contain the 79th clause in the New Zealand Bill, which, copied from a law extant in the American State of Wisconsin, gives a legal remedy to those who are injured by the drinking habits of others. Suppose, for instance, that B went into A's public-house, got drunk, and afterwards injured the person or property of C, the latter would have a right of action against A, the owner of the liquor, through whose fault, it may be presumed, B became a nuisance to society. This is a good, stringent measure, and one admirably adapted to make bar-keepers very cautious, for their own sakes, about the quantity and quality of the stuff they serve up to their visitors. But a difficulty arises. In a case where B had tippled at two or more taverns in the course of a few consecutive hours, which of the publicans would C, or, in the contingency of C's decease, the executors of C, sue for damages? Would C, or his legal representative, bring an action against the owner of the place which B had last entered, or, as is most probable, would the proprietors of all the houses be liable *pro ratâ*—that is, each according to the value of any house which B had entered within a reasonable time, from the commission of the offence? Especially, too, is it desirable not to lose the opportunity which offers itself for a safe and judicious extension of *municipal* trusts, by borrowing part of clause 33 of the Colonial Bill, which provides that every person, male or female, of the age of 21 years, or, if married, of the age of eighteen years and upwards, whose home is, and for twelve months previous to the day of voting shall have been within the district, be entitled to one vote (by ballot), or if, as would be preferable, the cumulative system be adopted, as many votes as there are candidates. It is, observe, a significant fact, that the legislators of New Zealand recognise that which we are discussing to be a *wife's question*, and, so far from limiting the right of suffrage to spinsters and widows, they positively, as is most befitting, render marriage—*i.e.*, the responsible life-giving, life-rearing, vocation of a matron—a reason for conferring upon a woman an important public trust sooner than it would otherwise have been conceded.

In conclusion, we are anxious to disclaim any idea of *immediate* change in the laws relating to the liquor traffic. It would be most foolish and narrow-minded to drag the beer question into the coming Parliamentary elections. Let us, for five or six years longer, test the working of Lord Kimberley's Act, and then, perhaps, it would be easy to limit the number of houses in one or other of the methods sug-

gested. Above all, it is imperative that, in the interests of society, more especially that section of it which is charged with the onerous and solemn responsibility of child-bearing, politicians should steadily and sternly refuse to countenance Sir Wilfred Lawson's ill-advised measure for the confiscation of property, the humiliation of voteless married women, and the consequent degeneration of offspring.

JAMES T. HOSKINS.

The Lost One.

The sun was sinking, and the waves
Seemed dancing 'neath the clouds fired caves;
The sun was sinking, and the night
Was rising from eve's bowers bright.
Now dark clouds quickly veiled the deep
And hid the golden lamp in sleep,
And blinded ev'ry silv'ry flame—
  Save that sulphurous-seeming light
  In ev'ry billow's bosom bright
That with each wat'ry serpent came.
The waves rolled on in solitude,
  And left their sparkling pearls to burn
Their life out on the gold beach rude—
  While, like a voice at ev'ry turn
The Neptune ringlets rolling made,
Strange sounds, or murmurs from death's shade,
Rose in the air, and on the wind
Took flight, as thoughts that leave the mind.

Dark was the night, and rough the wave
That rolled above the Lost One's grave;—
Dark was the night, and sounds arose
Like echoes strange at evening's close—
Sad sounds of measured steps that bore
The whispers of distress before.
Till in the night, as cloud in cloud,
Appeared a mortal dark and proud.
There was a something in his form
That shadowed gloom preceding storm;
And as he gazed upon the wave
He seemed to envy ruin's grave.

There was a pale cast o'er his face
That lit a life's decaying grace,
And 'thwart his brow, chased o'er by thought,
  The shadow ruin of life's joy
  Did hover close but to destroy
The smile made sad, by sad use wrought.
There was a something in his eye,
That looked like slumber always nigh,
Which seemed to press its orb, once bright,
As clouds that brow the moon's pale light.
There was about his silent lips—
  As if they had been used to smile,
Like severed sunny tint that dips
  Behind some opening defile—
An easy curl, not that of scorn,
But pity of his sorrows born.

There was a something in his sigh
That spoke of some sad trouble nigh,
Or joys long since in Heav'n above;
A something linked with tears—'twas love.

  Ever and anon he stands
  Wafting, countless as the sands,
His sighs across the gloomy main—
Sad sighs for her he loves in vain.
He stands and looks, but, far away,
The ocean's margin rough and gray
Is lost in Heaven's outstretched arms—
Is lost with all its hidden charms.
He stands and gazes, but his eyes
Grow dim with spirit-mists which rise
And darken like the shades of sleep
  Before the coming light of dreams;
  And ev'rything around him seems
As if 'twere hushed in slumber deep.
But soon a magic breath doth blow
The darkness into clouds that flow
As curdling streams through the thick air,
  And forms obscure seem flitting near
  Like shadows in a storm of fear—
Weird vessels stript of their sails fair;
That struggle on the waves that sweep
All hopes of calm away with sleep.

Soon, 'midst the noise of wave and wind,
Like death-shriek in the darkness blind,
Or signal shrill, 'midst thunder roll,
Of sad distress, he hears his name,
Which, as a struggling summons came,
And swelled the torment of his soul.
With his chill hand he screens his eyes,
As if he would the darkness hide
Within a darkness deeper. Wide
As heav'n's dull bosom, weird thoughts rise,
And in that sad, that wild, brief flight
Do visit realms confused, unknown,
To seek that which he calls his own;
But soon return unto the night
Of the sad soul which gave them flight.

As when, by dark and laced clouds capp'd,
The moon peeps out, in silence wrapp'd,
Through veiling mists upon the deep,
Reflection leaving, as it were,
To slumber in a mystery there—
A silv'ry light is seen to sleep,
Like spirit's face 'neath wat'ry veil
Upon the corrugated deep,
Which slowly rose and seem'd to sweep
Light sounds of joy with ev'ry wail.

"Sleep on! sleep, oh thou fair one!—sleep:
Dream not of me lest thou shouldst weep,
And haply—haply sigh in vain,
For I may see thee not again,
And all that's phantom left by hope
In night of death be doomed to grope.
So slumber on, and when I die,
Oh, wake not, hear not death's last sigh!
Roll on, ye waves—in peace roll on!
Disturb her not, lest she anon,
With voice of trembling sorrow rife,
And echo from departed life,
Rebuke ye. Yet, roll on, for 'neath
The roll of years the sleep of death,
Like time's sea, deepens, and the grave
Grows darker—darker 'neath the wave.

Roll on ye billows, and your crests—
Those dark, pearl'd waterlocks that spread
Like wild enchantment o'er the dead—
Shake gently where her fair form rests."

The lone night-wand'rer, starting, ceased,
For on the waves the light increased,
And, as a wat'ry mountain, rose,
Or pillar of frost-lighted snows—
And glistened, fountain-like, and fell
Into the waves lapp'd like a shell,
Until the drops of starry blue
Became of faint and dew-bright hue,
And in a lighter current streamed,
Or as a veil of dawn's mist seemed.
While in the centre of this fount,
A living pearl in glass encased,
With coral beaded and enchased,
A lovely form stood motionless.
The waves to her foot's gentle press
No higher than a streamlet mount,
And smoothe a path, as if the moon
Were gliding from some cloudy cave
To light the pearl lamps 'neath the wave,
And wrap the wild wind in a swoon—
A path that to the rippled sands
Extended wide, and softer grew
Where that sad mortal, spell-bound, stands,
Or closer to the light waves drew.

"I do not sleep, I do not dream,
And yet how like her form doth seem
That ghostly figure of the deep,
Which makes my waking feel sad sleep.
How like her form wherewith were drown'd
My hopes, my joys, and love's soft sound—
But lo! she moves—'tis she—and yet
Methinks I dream, and I forget
That I do linger after her,
And these are signs of joys that were.
She moves again—Oh, I am bound
Unto the world's huge, dark weight, round,
And struggling in this pain of love;
I cannot—Oh, I cannot move!"

His dark form sank; the last word died
Like echo by the fair hill's side;
And from his lips, like spirit sad
Of that last word in wildness clad,
The final sigh to th' dream he loved
On wings of lasting slumber moved.

The Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It is to be premised that this article deals only with such works of Dr. Holmes as, by republication in this country, have become familiar to English readers. Of these, the best known is the delightful 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' the 'Spectator' of American literature, for though Washington Irving's 'Salmagundi' follows more closely the models of Addison and Steele, it cannot be considered in any other light than that of a burlesque. The author has chosen the medium of conversations at the table of a Boston boarding-house to convey a series of pleasantly discursive essays on men and things as uttered by an elderly gentleman, the 'Autocrat,' who rules the conversation with the egotistic dogmatism of a Johnson. The Autocrat is probably as pleasant a conception as can well be imagined.

The subordinate characters, though not too prominent, are well-marked. There is one in particular, 'the young fellow whom they call John,' whose native ''cuteness' contrasts amusingly with the more stately argumentation of the Autocrat, whom he is not afraid quietly to chaff. When the latter enunciates this startling proposition, 'When John and Thomas are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension,' and proceeds to show that each person has three distinct individualities, 'a very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches—a rare vegetable—little known to boarding-houses—was on its way to me *viâ* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.'

The objection to the two sequels to the 'Autocrat,' the 'Professor,'

and 'Poet' 'At the Breakfast Table' is, that the leading character in each is too much of a replica of the Autocrat himself. The construction, too, of these works is almost precisely similar to that of the first, and they only terminate with the retirement from business of the landlady.

It is rare to find a *savant* or an essayist indulging in novel-writing; but when they so indulge, one may rest assured that the fiction is written with a purpose. In the preface to the 'Guardian Angel,' Dr. Holmes explains the object with which these two novels were written, namely, that of illustrating the doctrine of limited responsibility. In 'Elsie Venner' the heroine is the victim of an antenatal impression occasioned by her mother having been bitten by a rattlesnake a short time previously to the birth of the child. In the 'Guardian Angel' the more natural idea of the development of qualities inherited from ancestors forms the groundwork. In this, as in 'Elsie Venner,' the heroine is again chosen as the exemplar of the theory. Of the same character who now appears as the 'Autocrat,' now the 'Professor,' now the 'Poet,' we have a glimpse for a moment in 'Elsie Venner,' but in the 'Guardian Angel' he becomes prominent, and still preserves his pleasantly dogmatic manner.

Throughout all Holmes' discussions of more or less metaphysical subjects, there runs a strong undercurrent of reference to physical science, naturally, of course, suggested by his professional studies, pointing at every step more and more clearly in the direction of the doctrine of limited responsibility referred to above, until it last distinctly appears on the surface in his curious little lecture on 'Mechanism in Thought and Morals.' He carefully disclaims, as a necessary deduction, the somewhat prevalent doctrine of entire necessity, "whether it work with the logic of Edwards or with the averages of Buckle; whether it come in the shape of the Greek's destiny or the Mahometan's fatalism; or in that other aspect dear to the band of believers whom Beesly, of Everton, speaking in the character of John Wesley, characterised as 'The crocodile crew that believe in election.' In considering such notions as that of Despine and others regarding moral insanity, and other recent works, tending to the same conclusion of more or less limited responsibility, we have a striking instance of the tendency of human thought to run in the same grooves. This is nowhere more apparent than in the case of metaphysical disquisitions. The application of the doctrine of hereditary transmission to mental qualities, though soaring far beyond the fatalist and the predestinarian, arrives at the same conclusion, the ground of ignorance from which they had endeavoured to rise.

The Drama.

MR. ALBERY'S ROMANTIC LEGEND, 'ORIANA.'

It was scarcely to be expected that the immense success of Mr. Gilbert's Fairy Comedies, and the praise lavished upon them by the press and the public, would not induce some one or other of our dramatic authors to make a venture in a similar line. Had we looked around for the most likely man to enter the lists with the author of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' we should have selected the young and clever author of 'The Two Roses' without hesitation. Mr. Albery has, ever since the production of this comedy, been looked upon by many as the coming man in dramatic literature, and although he has, on more than one occasion, shaken our faith in him, his romantic play of 'Oriana,' recently produced at the Globe Theatre, goes far to justify the high opinion formed of his abilities. The most curious point in the history of his many ventures is that, although frequently *nearly*, he has only on one occasion been *quite* successful, and the same failing which has been discernable in all his pieces is most strongly marked in 'Oriana.' A desire to make a joke, or to be sarcastic, seems to seize upon his muse at the most inopportune moments, and he spoils his best situations for the sake of working in some witticism which, though it raises a laugh at the time, ruins the reality of the stage picture, and entirely destroys the *rapport* established between author and audience. These blemishes, and one or two others to which we shall allude hereafter apart, we regard this, the latest play of the imaginative school, as likely to be the means of opening up an entirely new vein to dramatists. Poetry has been too long banished from the British boards; murder, arson, adultery, and hair-breadth escapes, have been the all-engrossing themes of the playwright, and we are therefore bound to regard the production of a daintily-conceived idyll like 'Oriana,' not as an innovation, but as the forerunner of a series of plays that will go far to release the stage from the heavy claims in

which sensation, extravaganza, and voluptuousness have so long bound it. One scene, as with Mr. Gilbert, suffices for the complete action of the play, and the spot selected is a lovely one 'near the Happy Isles.' Here reigns King Raymond, a young and dissolute monarch, who is a mixture of Sardanapalus and the Prince Fridolin of 'Le Roi Carotte'; his days are passed in the pursuit of vicious pleasures; his affections are lavished upon a *troupe* of abandoned women, and he utterly neglects Queen Oriana, his young and lovely consort. Heartbroken and humiliated, she is an eye-witness of the debaucheries of her husband, she beholds him lavish upon wantons and bacchantes the endearments and the love for which she pines in vain. The utterances of despair which the scene wrings from her are overheard by Peep, a lamed and exiled fairy, whose only chance of regaining her lost fairy land lies in the ultimate reunion of Raymond and Oriana. Peep informs the Queen that in an adjacent well there lies a certain ring, which can only be obtained by a maiden who, born on the longest day in the year, will sit (under certain conditions) by the well all night. The required person is found in Chloe, a country wench, beloved by Oxeye, the head of the malcontents, to whose ranks Raymond's dissolute conduct and reckless rule are daily adding recruits. Peep having seated the maiden at the well, uses her fairy influence to throw the various characters into a trance. The King slumbers softly, surrounded by his daintily-clad favourites, Chloe sleeps quietly at the well-side, and Oriana, resting her pale face against the statue of her lord, breathes with closed eyelids, soft and low. Sweet music fills the air, a sense of languor steals over the spectator, and on one of the most exquisite and dreamy scenes that a poet's brain could picture the curtain falls for the first time. In the second act Chloe has obtained the magic ring, the peculiar property of which is that it attracts the love of King Raymond to the person possessing it. Peep gives her instructions at a given signal to place it on the hand of the Queen; but when the signal comes, Chloe is so absorbed in admiration of the sleeping King, that she slips the ring on to her own finger. Raymond wakes, is instantly enamoured of the country wench, and offers to lay his crown and sceptre at her feet. Complying with her lover's request to wash her hands, she gives the ring to Flamen, the high priest, to hold, and this dignitary is both astonished and shocked to find the king's attentions transferred from Chloe to himself. Ultimately, the ring gets into Raymond's own possession, and he becomes transformed into a second Narcissus; the glass that reflects his features he presses lovingly to his lips, and when the news of a rebellion among his subjects reaches his ear, he flies to bury himself in some sequestered spot, where, in the glass he refuses to part with.

he can behold his own features mirrowed to his amorous gaze. Oriana, knowing that the news of her husband's flight will be utter ruin to the Royal cause, resolves to attire herself in his armour, lead on the troops, and thus save her husband's fame and crown. The speech in which she declares her intention contains some of the most spirited lines in the play :—

I for my dear lord's sake—
To keep his name unsullied to the world,
Will play the Amazon; forget my sex
And help to make those wounds, it is our place
With better will to heal. My feeble limbs
And coward cheeks, his armour will disguise
And in the rattle of his warrior trinkets
I shall not hear my heart beat. Never yet
Did simulation play a grander part
Than my white weakness in heroic steel,
A fortress armed with feathers. Still, 'tis a cheat,
E'en though I feel it may save my lord's name.
Summon your legions. Raymond calls to arms.

Upon a warlike chorus and an admirable tableau of grouped knights, with Oriana at their head, the curtain falls for the second time.

In the third act we find that victory, so far, has been on the side of the rebel forces. The statue of King Raymond has been cast down and broken by the angry mob, and Oxeye is the chief of the successful revolutionists. He delivers himself of certain speeches, proving dirt to be closely allied with his ideas of comfort, and shows himself to be but—

'A mouthing patriot with an itching palm.'

King Raymond enters in disguise, is attacked by Oxeye, and to save his life yields up his jewellery, among which is the magic ring. Oxeye places it in his pocket, and thus the King, relieved from his self-adoration, is not compelled to bow down and worship the rebel ringleader. Raymond, restored to his senses, sees for the first time the baseness of his conduct, still disguised, joins the army of Oriana, and is instrumental in preserving her from an impending danger. The ring, which is so closely connected with the action of the play throughout, eventually finds its way on to the finger of the Queen, the estranged couple are once more united by the bonds of conjugal love, Oxeye is discomfited, and we are led to infer that Raymond and Oriana, leading blameless lives, reigned peacefully ever afterwards. Her mission being thus accomplished, Peep recovers the use of her limbs; her crutch is cast away, and, like the banished Peri of Moore's exquisite poem, she regains her longed-for Eden at last. To this charming story Mr. Albery has written

a dialogue, partly in blank verse, partly in rhyme, which proves him to be not only a skilled dramatist but a charming poet. What can be more dainty than the lines in which Peep describes her occupation before her monarch's vengeance banished her from the "Golden Land":

> My work was but
> To speckle eggs that birds might know their own;
> Dot ladybirds, and make the little harps
> Grasshoppers play on all the summer-time.
> I painted butterflies and shrieking birds
> With radiant colours.

The character of Peep throughout is exquisitely sketched, and every word she utters might have fallen from the lips of Shakespeare's Puck, without disturbing the harmony of that wondrous creation of a poet's brain, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

It is when we come to consider the characters of Raymond and Oriana that we perceive at once the reasons which will prevent Mr. Albery's play obtaining the thorough success the originality of its plot and the beauty of its language undoubtedly entitles it to. Oriana fails to secure our sympathy at the most critical period—the first part of the play. Dull and listless, she simply moans out her troubles, and witnesses, without a spark of jealousy, her husband's infidelity. A little womanly rage, a stronger outburst of despair, an heroic resolve on her part in the first act, and she would have become an object of interest to the spectators, a woman whose wrongs would have elicited their cordial sympathy. To quote instances: While her liege lord is disporting himself with scantily-clad nymphs at the back of the stage, she sits calmly reading a book. The King's favourite and a bacchante sing in honour of their royal master, Oriana joins in the refrain, thus:—

> BAC. King and master everyone
> Loveth thee and thee alone.
> LADY. To the South and to the North
> Raymond's glory goeth forth.
> BAC. From the East and from the West
> Raymond is of all kings best.
> LADY. And of all beloved is he
> ORIANA. But, alas! he loves not me.
> LORD. His will is like an iron rod,
> And he's wiser than a god,
> And he's fair as fair can be.
> ORIANA. But, alas! he loves not me.

Now, this is all very pretty, but it reduces Oriana to the position of a chorus, and such she is until her resolution to sacrifice herself for her husband brings her for the first time *en rapport* with the audience.

As with the Queen, so with her husband. Raymond is, during the first act, a mere lay figure. With the exception of singing a song and dallying amorously with his court beauties, he might as well be the stone statue of himself against which his wife is seated. So thoroughly effeminate, so very weak-minded, has the author made him, that Oriana's great love for him and his ultimate manliness appear gross improbabilities. Although it may appear like an Hibernicism to say so, the greatest amount of human interest is aroused by the fairy Peep. Most of the critics have condemned the author for making her lame and giving her a crutch. We must venture to disagree with them, for we consider this fact a proof of Mr. Albery's dramatic skill. Without the crutch Peep would have required a wand or some insignia of her office, which would have given her the appearance of a burlesque fairy. Again, had she not been made to appear lame, the situation at the end of the play would have been far less effective. The flinging away of the crutch, the placing the straightened limb firmly on the boards, all go to heighten the triumph of the banished fairy, and this dramatic action increases the dramatic force of her speech of exultation. The character of Oxeye is evidently intended as a caricature of a certain well-known agitator, and while we see no harm in sketching the peculiarities of notable persons into dramas of a certain kind, the effect on one of so idyllic a character as 'Oriana' can only be to mar and destroy the dreamy sense of romance which should, above all things, be preserved. Oxeye is made to declare that he will destroy all the baths, wash-houses, and soap-works, and

> '. . . . in fact not give in
> Until the place is fit for us to live in.'

This, though admissable, could well have been omitted, but when the demagogue is advised to go to England, and uses such expressions as 'Give it him hot,' it suggests the idea that he has wandered into the piece by mistake from a neighbouring burlesque house.

These shortcomings in three of the principal characters noted, we have nothing but praise for the play as a whole, whether we consider it from its poetical or its dramatic side. It is a piece to which we can point with pride when the pessimists repeat their cuckoo cry, 'Where are our dramatists?' and it is a play which, judiciously altered and efficiently acted, will go far to wean the British playgoer from his present morbid desire for show and sensation. A few more plays of this kind would do much not only to elevate the taste of the public, but would go far to relieve our stage of the charge which at present hangs over it, that of pandering to a depraved and sensual appetite and alienating from it men of education

and intellect. On the acting in 'Oriana' it is not our purpose here to dilate, but we may mention that Miss Carlotta Addison is worthy in every way of the care which the author had bestowed upon her part, that of the fairy Peep. Her elocution is faultless, and the difficulties of rhyme and blank verse are by her surmounted with grace and ease. Both Miss Rose Massey and Mr. Montague are pleasing as Oriana and Raymond, but both are new to the line of character, and will do better as the play gets older. Mr. Compton is completely thrown away in a part which does not suit him. The decorations and the one scene are pretty and effective, and the general effect of the 'romantic legend' has been added to by some charming and original music, composed by Mr. Frederick Clay. G. R. S.

NEW EDUCATIONAL ACT FOR 1872.

Large series of Elementary Cheap School Maps; size, 4 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. 8 in. Rollers, varnished, 10s. 6d. each. These new Elementary Maps have been drawn from the same valuable sources as Cruchley's Family Atlas, and other large Maps used in the Education of the Families of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Princess Imperial of Germany, and the Prince Louis of Hesse.

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, WORLD,
EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

G. F. CRUCHLEY, MAP PUBLISHER & GLOBE MANUFACTURER,
81, Fleet Street, London, and all the Principal Booksellers in the Country.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

It is important to all, more especially English Ministers, British Consuls, and Europeans seeking to reside in safety in Tropical and Foreign Climates.

It is found pre-eminently beneficial in preventing and curing EPIDEMIC SMALLPOX by Purifying, Invigorating, and Vitalizing the Blood. Any Person who has already this complaint should take it, and be kept in a cool and darkened room, to prevent its leaving any trace on the features.

SICKNESS, HEADACHE, and NAUSEA are in most cases immediately relieved by taking a teaspoonful in a tumbler of cold water. This can be repeated once or twice in two hours if needful.

SEA VOYAGES.—It is a very valuable accompaniment, and should on no account be omitted. It instantly allays the sea or bilious sickness.

FOR BILIOUS CONSTITUTIONS, giving rise to vitiated secretions, Indigestion, and Eruptions on the Skin, a teaspoonful should be taken daily with the dinner in a tumbler of water, and the same quantity on going to bed.

May be obtained of the Proprietor, **HENRY LAMPLOUGH**, Consulting Chemist, 113, Holborn, E.C. (second door from Hatton Garden), London, and of all respectable Chemists in bottles, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 11s., and 21s.

NOTICE THE TRADE MARK, AS ABOVE.

'FLORILINE'

For the Teeth and Breath.

A few drops of the liquid "Floriline," sprinkled on a wet tooth brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. The fragrant Floriline is purely vegetable, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. May be had of any respectable Chemist or Perfumer in the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Prepared by H. C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford Street, London.
See Certificate of Dr. Attfield on every Bottle.

A FACT.—ALEX. ROSS'S HAIR-COLOUR WASH will, in two days, cause grey hair or whiskers to become their original colour. This is guaranteed by Alex. Ross. It is merely necessary to damp the hair with it. There is no objectionable matter in it. Price 10s. 6d.; sent for stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

NOSE MACHINE.—This is a contrivance by which the soft cartilage of the Nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price 10s. 6d., sent free for stamps. A pamphlet, "Nose and its Remedy," two stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

CHURCH OPINION.

NEW SERIES.

(UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.)

EVERY SATURDAY. PRICE 2d.

OUR FUTURE PROGRAMME.

IN entering upon a New Series of CHURCH OPINION, its Proprietors deem it desirable to state briefly and distinctly the future mission of this Journal—what it is designed to effect in the interest of the Church of England, and what it is designed to repudiate in the self-same interest.

Our National Church embraces in its Communion various parties, distinctly marked out from one another by characteristeric watch-words, and represented by distinctive organs of the Press. Seeking, then, as we do, to represent the whole National Church, and not any particular party in it, it will be our province to chronicle in our columns, honestly and fully, the movements of all parties; to lay before the whole communion, by well-selected extracts from their leading organs, the expression of their opinions on all prominent Church topics of the day.

To the Clergy and Laity alike of our Church we offer the free use of our columns in seeking information on all common Church questions of law, affecting the parish or diocese; and all queries concerning matters of biblical scholarship, Church history, books, general literature and science, charities, schools, ordinations, hymnology, and ecclesiology, shall receive our most careful attention, as we aim to be of the greatest service in all such matters to the greatest possible number of Churchmen. It has been long felt by very many of our poorer Clergy, that a medium was wanting to enable them to exchange books with their brethren, and such a want we seek to supply in our columns.

LONDON: 81A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

HAXELL'S ROYAL EXETER HOTEL,

WEST STRAND, LONDON.

Drawing Room with Bed Room, *en suite*, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d.
SERVICE.
Each person, for the first day, 1s. 6d.; afterwards, 1s.

Breakfasts ..... 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.
Dinners from ..... 2s. 6d.
Bed Rooms ..... 2s. 6d.

This Hotel, situate in the most open part of the West Strand, close to the Theatres, Operas, Places of Amusements, and objects of interest, is in style and comfort equal to any in London, while the charges are moderate in the extreme, and are never varied. The Hotel contains upwards of One Hundred Rooms, and an elegant and well-appointed LADIES' COFFEE ROOM, with Reading Room.

The Breakfast Table here is superior to the Clubs. The excellence of the cuisine, the beauty, delicacy, and cheapness of the Wines, are universally acknowledged, and here, mirabile dictu, *they place a capital Claret before you at 2s. per bottle.*—Vide *Public Press.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—For the convenience of Visitors, upon the reception of letter or telegram, places secured for them at any of the Theatres, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.

CHLORODYNE effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases—Diptheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhœa, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

From LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal, December 11, 1868:—

"Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davonport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 1, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, July 13, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer: J. T. DAVENPORT,

33, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON.

A BILLIARD TABLE COMPLETE for ONE GUINEA.—The new registered Table Billiards, fitted in five minutes to an ordinary dining-table, including full-size balls, cues, pockets, marking board, &c., 21s. At all dealers. Wholesale: JAQUES and SON, 102, Hatton Garden. 'Exceedingly ingenious, and more like the real thing than adaptations usually are. A great many guineas worth of amusement to be got out of it.'—*The Times.*

THE LITERARY MACHINE (Patented) for holding a book, writing desk, lamp, meals, umbrella, &c., in any position over a bed, sofa, easy chair, carriage, garden seat, or yacht, as used by Princess Louise. Invaluable to invalids and students. Admirably adapted for India. A most useful and elegant wedding or birthday gift. Prices from 20s. and 50s. Drawings free. J. CARTER, 55, Mortimer Street, Great Portland Street, W.

GRAND TRIUMPH!

THREE GOLD MEDALS

HAVE BEEN AWARDED
BETWEEN THE 6th AND 13th SEPTEMBER TO

THE "SINGER"
SEWING MACHINES.

THE GOLD MEDAL, Value £10,

GIVEN BY THE ORMSKIRK
AND SOUTHPORT AGRICULTURAL
SOCIETY AT SOUTHPORT-ON-THE-SEA
"FOR THE BEST
FAMILY SEWING MACHINE"
WAS AWARDED TO

THE "SINGER"
NEW FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE.

TWO GOLD MEDALS, Value, £20,

GIVEN BY THE MANCHESTER
AND LIVERPOOL AGRICULTURAL
SOCIETY AT BOLTON ON THE 13th.
ONE "FOR THE BEST
FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,"
AWARDED TO

THE "SINGER"
NEW FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE.

AND A SECOND
"FOR THE MACHINE
BEST SUITED TO GENERAL
AND MANUFACTURING
PURPOSES" WAS ALSO
AWARDED TO

THE "SINGER"
MEDIUM SEWING MACHINE

THE "SINGER" MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

CHIEF OFFICE IN EUROPE:

147, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

DISTRICT OFFICES:

8, NEWINGTON CAUSEWAY. | 144, BROMPTON ROAD, W.

PAID-UP CAPITAL OVER £230,000.

POSITIVE GOVERNMENT SECURITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

53, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON.

THIS COMPANY consists of over two thousand Shareholders, who have subscribed for £243,000 of capital, of which more than £230,000 is paid up; being the largest amount originally received by any other life-office in this country.

The Company was formed to organize an improved system of Life Assurance, unlike any other plan known, which should provide the following advantages:—

1. Government securities for assurers; this is effected by the investment in Consols in Trustees' names, of the whole of the net premiums paid on each assurance, such fund being strictly hypothecated for that one purpose.
2. A negotiable promissory note for each premium, payable "To Bearer," on the death of the life assured, or convertible into cash at any time during life time, to the extent of 40 per cent. of the premiums paid.
3. If you only pay one premium and you never pay another, you are still assured, as long as you live, for the value of your first premium.

Whatever your occupation may be, whether soldier, sailor, traveller, or anything else, you may travel and reside wherever you like, without fines or extra premium, or giving notice to any one, and your Positive Life Assurance remains in force.

CENTRAL TRUSTEES.

The Right Hon. LORD SANDHURST, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, 18, Grosvenor Gardens, Belgravia, and Royal Hospital, Dublin.

THOMAS HUGHES, Esq., Q.C., M.P., 9, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

M. B. CHAYTOR, Esq., 155, Fenchurch Street, City.

In whose names £50,000 Consols stand in the books of the Bank of England, as a permanent non-withdrawable guarantee fund to secure assurances, added to which, the whole of the net premiums are invested for a similar purpose.

Full particulars respecting shares, assurances, and the business of the Company, furnished, post free, on application to T. H. BAYLIS, General Superintendent.

Chief Offices, 53, Bedford Square, London.

References to private friends abolished.

THE

MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

A very nicely perfumed Hair Dressing, called "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," now being sold by most Chemists and Perfumers throughout the country, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle, is fast superseding all the old "Restorers" and dyes for the purpose of changing grey or white hair to its natural original colour, for it will positively restore the hair in every case of greyness to its original colour, without dying it or leaving that disagreeable and offensive smell which most of the hair preparations of the day do.

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandriff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition. It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness. It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" in stock, he will procure it for you without any extra cost, or it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps.

PREPARED ONLY BY H. C. GALLUP,

493, Oxford Street, London.

NOW PUBLISHING.

IN QUEST: a new Novel, being a Story of Modern Tendencies. 1 vol. Price 7s. 6d. Now ready.

GILLOTT AND GOOSEQUILL: a Book of Poems. By the Author of "Carols of Cockayne." With an illustrated cover by W. BRUNTON. Now ready, price 1s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 8d.

GLIMPSES OF GOD; being Essays towards Positive Religion. Now ready, price 6d. each.

THE COMING CROMWELL. Second edition. In coloured wrapper. Now ready, price 6d.; post free, 6½d.

THE THEATRE IN ENGLAND: its Shortcomings and Possibilities. By TOM TAYLOR. Now ready, price 6d.; post free, 6½d.

THE DARK BLUE. Vols. I., II., and III. March 1871 to August 1872. Now ready, price 8s. each.

LOST: a Romance. By JOHN C. FREUND. In the press, price 6s.

MALTA, Sixty Years Ago: with a Synoptical History of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. By CLAUDIUS SHAW (Knight of St. John, and 1st and 2nd Classes of San Fernande of Spain). Price to Subscribers, Half-a-guinea. In the press.

MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, AND MERE: or, Country Vignettes. Illustrated. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. In the press.

APOLLO; or, TRUE ARISTOCRACY. By One of Themselves. Now ready, price 6d.; post free, 6½d.

LONDON:

BRITISH AND COLONIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED,

81A, FLEET STREET, E.C.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—Comfort for the afflicted.—When the blood becomes impure through breathing foul air, or through the imperfect performance of any bodily function, the greatest benefit will be derived from these Pills, whose purifying, alterative, and tonic virtues are too well known to need any commendation here. After taking a few doses, a marked amendment will be felt from day to day; the appetite will grow better, the stomach stronger, the liver wholesomely active, and the bowels naturally regular. While taking these Pills, there is no danger of catching cold.

TO BE HAD OF ALL NEWSVENDORS IN TOWN OR COUNTRY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

PRICE SIXPENCE,

THE

BROAD CHURCHMAN,

A HIGH-CLASS WEEKLY JOURNAL,

Designed to represent the Third Party or Section of the National Church, which, revolting from Ecclesiasticism on the one hand and from Puritanism on the other, desires to render the Church more adequate to the exigencies of the age, and more representative of the faith of its individual Members.

The BROAD CHURCHMAN adopts a strongly humanitarian line. It deals with all political and social subjects, independently and liberally, and treats of questions of Art and Science from an earnest and sympathetic point of view.

PRICE, per Number, 6d.; by post, 6½. Per Quarter in advance and by post, 6s. 6d.

OFFICES: 8, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

"Advertising is to Business what Steam-power is to Commerce."—MACAULAY.

MACHINE MADE

MACHINE-MADE JEWELRY, In 18-Carat Gold.

MR. STREETER,

(Late HANCOCK & Co., Limited),

Introducer of 18-Carat Gold and Gem Jewelry, Machine-made,

GOLDSMITH, JEWELLER,

AND

Merchant in Precious Stones,

37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

(Five Doors from Bond Street), and

BURLINGTON STEAM WORKS, SAVILLE ROW.

Mr. STREETER, Introducer of English Lever Watches and Clocks, Machine-made.

Jewelry valued at 1 per Cent. for Probate, or purchased for Cash.

FOR PRICE LIST see *Illustrated Catalogue*, bound in cloth, post free for Two Stamps.

MACHINE-MADE JEWELRY, In 18-Carat Gold.

WATCHES & CLOCKS.

Mr. STREETER, 37, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE BIRKBECK

IS THE ONLY BUILDING SOCIETY whose Annual Receipts exceed ONE MILLION! HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH, WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION and NO RENT to pay. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BUILDING SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. HOW to PURCHASE a PLOT of LAND for FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH, WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, either for BUILDING or GARDENING Purposes. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY, 29 and 30, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. HOW to INVEST YOUR MONEY with SAFETY at £4 PER CENT. INTEREST. Apply at the Office of the BIRKBECK BANK. All sums under £50 repayable upon demand. Current Accounts opened similar to ordinary Bankers. Cheque Books supplied. Office hours from 10 till 4, on Mondays from 10 till 9, and on Saturdays from 10 till 2 o'clock. A small Pamphlet, containing full particulars, may be obtained Gratis, or sent Post-free, on application to

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

PARQUET WALTZ.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR CHRISTMAS.

This brilliant production is unquestionably received as the favourite Waltz of the Season. (Vide press). It is nightly encored at all the principal Theatres and Concert Rooms.

Published by BORN & Co., 13, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

Post free for 24 stamps.

THE PATENT BADEN TOWEL

(Made by JOHN HASLAM & Co., Manchester)

ALWAYS RETAINS ITS ROUGHNESS,

SOLD BY ALL RESPECTABLE DRAPERS.

BERNARD COLNAGHI, Printer, 81A, Fleet Street, E.C.

WHY NOT?

SINCE there is no risk, expense, or obligation of any kind involved in accepting a free trial in your own home of the best Sewing Machine for household purposes, ever made—

AND since you are not asked to buy, but only to try this Machine—

WHY NOT order at once the WILLCOX & GIBBS Silent Sewing Machine to be sent to you on these conditions, carriage paid?

BEWARE

Of Dealers who profess to sell the WILLCOX & GIBBS Machines without producing the Company's CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY for the present year.

THE WILLCOX AND GIBBS

GENUINE AMERICAN MADE

SILENT SEWING MACHINE

IS SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, FOR

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL AT HOME.

No payment need be made until after the trial, if satisfactory references are given; but many prefer to pay rather than refer to their friends; in such cases the money paid in advance is promptly refunded in full, should the Machine be returned at the end of the trial month. A guarantee to this effect is stamped on every invoice.

Better Sewing for Household Purposes is done by the Willcox and Gibbs than by any other Sewing Machine in existence.

Machines of other makers taken in exchange. Easy Terms &c.

*** Send for the Illustrated Price List; select a suitable style of Machine, and the chapter entitled "Terms, &c.," on page 12, will give full particulars

---

Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co.,

150, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
135, REGENT STREET, W. } LONDON.
16, CROSS ST., Royal Exchange, MANCHESTER.

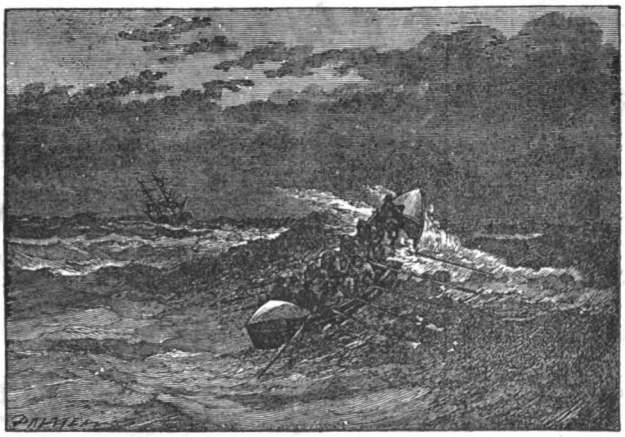
AGENTS:—

AYLESBURY—P. PAYNE & SON.
BARNSTAPLE—W. H. HEARSON.
BELFAST—RIDDEL & Co.
BIRMINGHAM—T. S. TONGUE.
BRADFORD—J. PARKINSON.
BRISTOL—J. S. WILLWAY.
CANTERBURY—T. WARR & Co.
CARDIFF—CROSS BROTHERS.
CHELTENHAM—STEEL & Co.
CORK—ATKINS BROS.
DERBY—W. STEVENSON.
DEVIZES—G. SMITH.
DUBLIN—R. L. HUGHES.
EXETER—S. EAST.
GLASGOW—GRIMWADE & Co.
HASTINGS—ALBERTON & Co.
IPSWICH—MEADOWS & BENNETT.
LANDPORT—J. SHERVELL.
LEEDS—R. M. BEGG.
LEICESTER—H. GEE.
LIVERPOOL—OXTON & Co.
NORTHAMPTON—J. & G. HIGGINS.
NORWICH—BUCKINGHAM & SONS.
PLYMOUTH—J. R. CHISLETT.
RYDE—M. H. GELLING.
SOUTHAMPTON—C. ISTED & Co.
TROWBRIDGE—J. RISDON & Co.
TRURO—R. CLARKE & Co.

And in all other Towns.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.



WALMER, KENT.—On the morning of the 16th October, 1872, it was blowing hard from the southward, with a heavy sea on the beach (says the coxswain of the Walmer Life-boat, *Centurion*, belonging to the NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION), when I observed a vessel on the Goodwin Sands; I immediately assembled boat's crew and launched the Life-boat, and proceeded towards the Sands under a reefed storm foresail. On crossing the South Sand Heads in a tremendous sea, the boat filled seven or eight times, and two of our men were nearly washed overboard. After crossing the Sands we kept away towards the wreck, and on nearing her saw she was full of water, with the sea making a clean breach over her. Feeling it would be dangerous to go alongside, we let go the anchor to windward, and dropped down towards her: we could see the crew huddled together before the foremast, with the seas breaking over them. On reaching as near as possible, we managed—with the assistance of the loaded cane and line—to get a rope to the vessel, and, each man fastening it round his body, we hauled them through the broken sea; but the foremast going, and the seas running higher, when two only had been saved by this means, the remaining two men took to the mainmast, where there was great difficulty in communicating with them; but in about half an hour the maintopmast rigging gave way, and having hooked the wreck of this, the men were induced to slip down it into the sea, and got hold of the rope that we had secured to the wreck. In this way the remaining two men were saved, making in all four men, the entire crew of the vessel. They were very much exhausted when taken in the boat. The wrecked vessel was the schooner *Hero*, of London, bound from Newcastle to Truro with a cargo of coals. In less than five minutes after the men were rescued from their perilous position the wreck disappeared, and there was not a vestige of her to be seen. We lifted our anchor and proceeded towards the shore, where we hove up at 11 A.M., in the presence of a concourse of people who took hold of the capstan rope and hauled the boat up to the boat-house amidst the cheers of the people. The crew spoke in great praise of the performance of the Life-boat on this occasion.

NEW ROMNEY, KENT.—Intelligence was brought to the Littlestone Life-boat Station of the NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, on the afternoon of the 26th October, that a small vessel, at anchor off Dymchurch, was embayed and making signals of distress, the wind blowing very strongly from the S., accompanied by a heavy sea. The Life-boat, *Dr. Halton*, was taken out to the vessel, which proved to be a French ketch, the *Zébre*, about fifty tons burden, very heavily laden with casks of herrings. She had her sails split, and was leaky, necessitating the constant use of the pumps, which by that time were broken. When the Life-boat reached her she was rolling her gunwales under water, and the Life-boat men consequently not being able to board her without serious risk, the boat was dropped down and the bow grapnel thrown on board, by which means the boat was veered under the stern, and the crew, with the aid of a rope, were taken off. They were in an exhausted state, being very wet and cold, and having had to work hard at the pumps without being able to obtain sufficient food. The Life-boat then landed the poor fellows at Hythe, where their wants were promptly attended to. The vessel afterwards parted from her anchors, and was driven on to Dymchurch sea wall, and soon became a total wreck.

PALLING, NORFOLK.—The *British Workman* Life-boat on this Station, belonging to the Institution, rendered most important service on the 26th October, 1872, to a large timber-laden ship, the *Lily*, of South Shields, which had gone on the Hasborough Sands. When the Life-boat reached the vessel, she was found to be abandoned, the crew having been compelled, on a gale of wind springing up from the south, to desert their ship on account of the heavy seas breaking completely over her; and they with difficulty succeeded in reaching the shore in two boats belonging to the Winterton beachmen. Fortunately the Life-boat, after remaining by her two days, was enabled, with the assistance of the Winterton men, and the services of a steam-tug, to get the ship off the sands, and to beach her at Winterton.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

List of the Two Hundred and Thirty-three Life-Boat Stations under the Management of the Institution.

ENGLAND.

Northumberland—Berwick-on-Tweed—Holy Island (two boats)—North Sunderland—Boulmer—Alnmouth—Hauxley—Newbiggin—Blyth (two boats)—Cullercoats—Tynemouth (two boats)

Durham—Whitburn—Sunderland (four boats)—Seaham—West Hartlepool (two boats)—Seaton Carew

Yorkshire—Middlesborough—Redcar—Saltburn—Runswick—Upgang—Whitby (two boats)—Scarborough—Filey—Flamborough (two boats)—Bridlington—Hornsea—Withernsea

Lincoln—Cleethorpes—Donna Nook—Theddlethorpe—Sutton—Chapel—Skegness

Norfolk—Hunstanton—Wells—Blakeney—Sheringham—Cromer—Mundesley—Bacton—Hasborough—Palling (two boats)—Winterton—Caister (two boats)—Yarmouth (two boats)

Suffolk—Gorleston—Corton—Lowestoft (two boats—Pakefield (two boats)—Kessingland (two boats)—Southwold (two boats)—Thorpeness—Aldborough

Kent—Margate—Kingsgate—Broadstairs—Ramsgate—North Deal—Walmer—Kingsdowne—Dover—Dungeness

Sussex—Rye—Winchelsea—Hastings—Eastbourne—Newhaven—Brighton—Shoreham—Worthing—Selsey—Chichester Harbour

Hampshire—Hayling Island

Isle of Wight—Bembridge—Brighstone Grange—Brooke

Alderney—St. Anne

Guernsey—St. Samson's

Dorset—Poole—Chapman's Pool—Kimeridge—Weymouth—Lyme Regis

South Devon—Sidmouth—Exmouth—Teignmouth—Brixham—Salcombe—Plymouth

Cornwall—Looe—Fowey—Mevagissey—Portloe—Falmouth—Porthoustock—Cadgwith—Lizard—Mullion—Porthleven—Penzance—Sennen Cove—St. Ives—Hayle—New Quay—Padstow—Port Isaac—Bude

North Devon—Clovelly—Appledore (two boats—Braunton—Morte Bay—Ilfracombe—Lynmouth

Somerset—Burnham

Cheshire—New Brighton—do. Tubular

Lancashire—Southport—Lytham—Blackpool—Fleetwood—Piel

Cumberland—Whitehaven—Maryport—Silloth

Isle of Man—Ramsey—Douglas—Castletown

WALES.

Glamorganshire—Penarth—Porthcawl—Swansea

Carmarthenshire—Pembrey—Carmarthen Bay

Pembrokeshire—Tenby—Milford—Solva—St. David's—Fishguard (two boats)

Cardiganshire—Cardigan—Newquay—Aberystwith

Merionethshire—Aberdovey—Barmouth

Carnarvonshire—Portmadoc—Abersoch—Porthdinllaen—Orme's Head

Anglesey—Llanddwyn—Rhosneigir—Rhoscolyn—Holyhead—Cemlyn—Bull Bay—Moelfre—Penmon

Denbighshire—Llanddulas

Flintshire—Rhyl (Tubular)

SCOTLAND.

Kirkcudbright—Kirkcudbright

Wigtonshire—Whithorn—Port Logan

Ayrshire—Ballantrae—Girvan—Ayr—Troon—Irvine—Ardrossan

Isle of Arran—Kildonan

Argyllshire—Campbeltown—Southend

Caithness-shire—Thurso

Orkney Islands—Stromness

Elginshire—Lossiemouth

Banffshire—Buckie—Banff

Aberdeenshire—Fraserburgh—Peterhead

Kincardineshire—Stonehaven

Forfar—Montrose (two boats)—Arbroath—Buddon Ness and Broughty Ferry (Dundee)

Fifeshire—St. Andrews—Anstruther

Haddingtonshire—North Berwick—Dunbar

IRELAND.

Co. Londonderry—Greencastle

Antrim—Portrush

Down—Groomsport—Ballywalter—Tyrella—Newcastle (Dundrum Bay)

Louth—Dundalk—Drogheda (two boats)

Dublin—Skerries—Howth—Poolbeg—Kingstown

Wicklow—Greystones—Wicklow—Arklow

Wexford—Courtown—Cahore—Wexford (two boats)—Carnsore—Duncannon

Waterford—Tramore—Dungarvan—Ardmore

Cork—Youghal—Ballycotton—Queenstown—Courtmacsherry

Kerry—Valentia

Total, 233 Life-Boats.

Services of the Life-boats of the Institution in 1871.

Adelaide, schr., of Malahide... 5
Albert, barque, of Bremen..... 21
Albion, barque, of Rostock 10
Albion, schooner, of Beaumaris—saved vessel and crew 3
Alexandra, s.s., of London..... 23
Angora, schooner, of Bangor—assisted to save vessel and .. 7
Ann, schooner, of Inverness ... 6
Ann Mitchell, schr., of Newquay 5
Arctic Hero, barque, of Goole.. 1
Asda, brig, of Blyth—assisted to save vessel and crew 8
Benjamin Whitworth, screw-steamer, of Middlesborough—remained by vessel.
British Queen, brig, of London. 7
Calamidas, Greek brig 11
Carnsew, schooner, of Hayle... 4
Cassandra, barque, of Liverpool..... 21
Champion, brig, of Sheeham—saved vessel and crew 8
Charles Philip, smack—assisted to save vessel and crew 3
Confidence, schr., of Aberystwith 2
Cornhill, brigantine, of Dungarvan..... 3
Courier, schooner, of Lerwick—rendered assistance.
Cynthia, schr., of Montrose.... 2
Cyrus, brigantine, of Skye 9
Dania, Danish schooner..... 5
Dewitian Lass, smack, of the Isle of Skye..... 4
Dispatch, schooner, of Whitby . 3
Echo, brigantine, of Maldon... 6
Echo, lugger, of Lowestoft—saved vessel.
Eleanor, schooner, of Newquay—assisted to save vessel and 4
Elen, schooner, of Pwllheli—rendered assistance.
Elizabeth and Cicely, brig, of Guernsey..... 8
Equestrian, ketch, of Port Gordon—saved vessel and crew . 4
Excel, sch.—rendered aid.
Fleetwood, a man overtaken by the tide at 1
Flora, brig, of Poole 6
Francis, schooner, of Cardigan—saved vessel and crew 4
Friend's Increase, barge, of London..... 4
Friendship, gallkot, of Goole .. 3
Halswell, of Bridgwater, and *J. W. A.*, of Newquay, schrs. 10
Handy, schooner, of Wexford.. 5
Hattie, yacht, of Cromer 3
Hope, brig, of Portsmouth—remained by vessel.
Hopeman & Skye fishing-boats 11
Howth—dredging-barge 4
Idun, barque, of Bergen 16
Indio, barque, of Shields..... 16
Intrepid, schooner, of Liverpool—rendered assistance.
Isabella Heron, brigantine, of Blyth—saved vessel and crew 6
Jane, brigantine, of Barmouth 5
Jane Kilgour, barque, of London 13
Jesus Colombe, brig, of St. Malo 7
Jubilee, schooner, of Preston .. 4
Kingsbridge Packet, steamer—rendered assistance.
Lady Huntley, brigantine, of Maryport 4
Lark, smack, of Wexford..... 2
Launceston, barque, of Shields. 14
Lucie Antoinette, schooner, of Nantes 5
Lynmouth packet-boat 1
Margaret, brigantine, of Lancaster 25
Major, schooner, of Lynn 4
Maria, ship, of Dunedin 19
Martha, barque, of Arendal.... 15
Mary, schooner, of Shields.... 4
Mersey, schooner, of Liverpool.. 4
Mexican, barque, of St. John's, N.B.—rendered assistance.
Morning Star, brig, of Dublin.. 6
Musselburgh, dandy, of Lowestoft..... 11
Newbiggin fishing-cobles—assisted to save seven boats
Nigretia, brigantine, of New York 7
Norval, brigantine, of Seaham—assisted to save vessel and. 7
Orb, b., of Whitby—saved vessel & 7
Osborne, brig, of Hartlepool ... 8
Oxalis, schooner, of Macduff... 4
Paquita, barque, of Santander—assisted to save vessel and 16
Pausilippo, schr., of Ramsey .. 3
Pierre Désirée, schr., of St. Valerie—saved vessel and crew 4
Pomona, brigantine, of Dundalk—saved vessel and crew 5
Queen, brigantine, of Youghal . 6
R.B., schooner, of Bayonne ... 7
Rapid, schooner, of Preston—saved vessel and crew..... 2
Regina, brig, of London 7
Richard and Harriet, barque .. 7
River Nith, ship, of Liverpool—rendered assistance.
Robina, barque, of North Shields 17
Roscius, brigantine, of Belfast—saved vessel.
Rose, schooner, of Ipswich—saved vessel and crew 4
Samuel and Ann, schooner, of Great Yarmouth 4
Sarah, brig, of Sunderland 6
Scarborough fishing-cobles—assisted four boats.
Sea, barque, of Montrose—assisted to save vessel.
Sori, Austrian brig—assisted to save vessel.
St. Fergus, schooner, of Aberystwith—remained by vessel.
St. Thomas's Packet, of Blyth—assisted to save vessel and... 6
Storm, barque, of Cardiff—remained by vessel.
Stranger, schooner, of Newfoundland 3
Temperance Star, Margaret, and 6 H's, fishing-cobles—assisted vessels.
Teviotdale, barque, of North Shields—remained by vessel.
Thessalia, brig, of Whitby 9
Three Sisters, barque, of Genoa. 6
Times, barque, of Liverpool.... 17
Trafalgar, sloop, of Cley—saved vessel and crew 2
Trioner, brig, of Arendal..... 9
Typhon, brig, of Tvedestrand, Norway—saved vessel and .. 8
Vale of Conway, smack, of Beaumaris..... 3
Valiant, brig, of Jersey..... 7
Venus, schooner, of Preston—remained alongside.
Wanderer, brig, of Maryport... 10
Whitby fishing-cobles 18
William, brigantine, of Londonderry 5
William, schooner, of Liverpool—saved vessel and crew..... 3
Windsor, brig, of Lynn..... 6
Zoe, brigantine, of Dundalk—remained by vessel.

Total lives saved by Life-boats, in 1871, in addition to 31 vessels 658

During the same period the Institution granted rewards for saving Lives by fishing and other boats 224

Total of Lives saved in Twelve Months.} 882

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT have to state that during the past year (1871) the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION expended £21,653 on various Life-boat Establishments on the Coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in addition to having contributed to the saving of 882 persons from various Shipwrecks on our Coasts, for which services it granted 19 Silver Medals and Votes of Thanks on Vellum, and pecuniary rewards to the amount of £2,302.

The number of Lives saved either by the Life-boats of the Society, or by special exertions, for which it has granted Rewards, since its formation, is 21,076; for which Services 91 Gold Medals, 329 Silver Medals, and £37,814 in cash have been paid in Rewards.

The expense of a Life-boat, its equipment, transporting-carriage, and boat-house, averages £700, in addition to £70 a-year needed to keep the establishment in a state of efficiency.

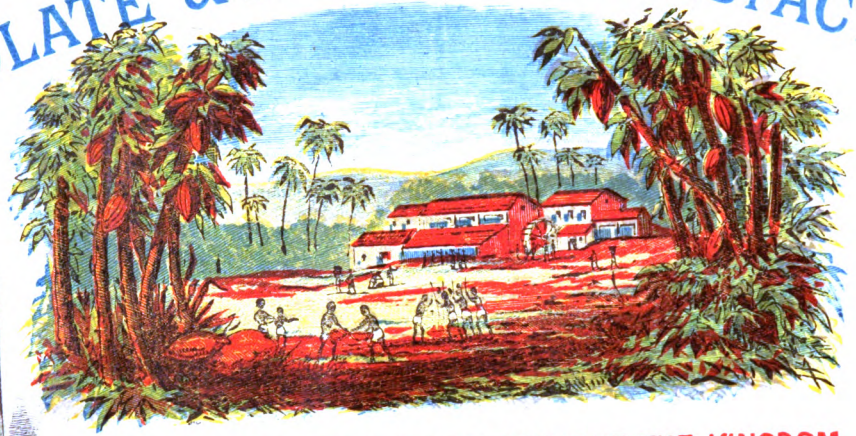
Donations and *Annual Subscriptions* are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. WILLIS, PERCIVAL, and Co., 76 Lombard Street; by all the other Bankers in United Kingdom; and by the Secretary, RICHARD LEWIS, Esq., at the Institution, 14 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, London, W.C.—*November*, 1872.

[Turn over.

ESTABLISHED 1812

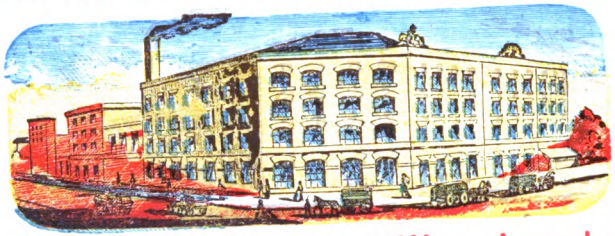
COLLIER & SONS

CHOCOLATE & MUSTARD MANUFACTURERS



SOLD BY ALL GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

A MOST DELICIOUS BEVERAGE WITH AN EXQUISITE AROMA. *Civil Service Gazette*



Commercial Steam Mills. London.

PURVEYORS OF MUSTARD TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1871.

MARVELLOUS COCOA.

COLLIER & SON'S CHOCOLATE POWDER,

The very Perfection of Prepared Cocoa,

500,000 **SAMPLE PACKETS of this INIMITABLE CHOCOLATE POWDER were GIVEN AWAY at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION of 1862. Hundreds of thousands are now using it, finding it unequalled. We respectfully solicit a trial, feeling assured that you will continue to use it. It is strongly recommended by the Faculty, strengthening the weakly and invigorating the healthy. One cup, or twenty, made in one minute with boiling water only, milk or sugar not being necessary.**

FROM MANY MEDICAL OPINIONS WE QUOTE THE FOLLOWING NOTICES OF THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS SUPERIOR CHOCOLATE OR COCOA.

"For delicate stomachs, or weak declining persons, the Combination of COCOA with "ICELAND MOSS is exceedingly useful as a TONIC NUTRIENT. Indeed it "has been extensively used by Physicians of all schools, ever since the Great "Dr. AT. THOMSON wrote of its merits, above a quarter of a century ago."

"I have had occasion to test nearly every known kind of prepared Cocoa and Chocolate, "and have for a great many years decided **your own to be superior** to the most "celebrated and expensive descriptions."

TESTIMONIALS.

"JAMES COLLIER & SON have patented a Chocolate Powder, which for flavour, "digestibility, and facility of preparation, equals any with which we have hitherto met. "Though boiling is not necessary to develop its full virtues, yet it much improves "its bouquet. The very moderate price charged per lb. puts this useful preparation "within the reach of all classes of the community."

The Homœopathic World.

"Among the numerous cocoas submitted to public favour the above occupies the front "rank, and is deservedly preferred to almost any other manufacture by those who "have used it. It is a most delicate flavoured and pure beverage, and furnishes the "body in a high degree with those nutritious elements which are so important for "the healthy growth of children, and for repairing the waste of human tissue in "active adult life. Collier and Son's Chocolate Powder is prepared by a patent "process from the finest Trinidad cocoa nibs; and in recommending this cocoa, we "do so from personal use, and for breakfast or tea believe it to be in every way pre-"ferable to the beverages ordinarily taken—tea and coffee. According to our own "experience, as well as that of some of our patients, we prefer it for the evening "meal, and believe that to most persons to whom cocoa is unsuitable for breakfast, "it would be found most grateful, and perfectly digestible, when taken instead of "tea for the afternoon or evening meal."

The Homœopathic Vade Mecum, by E. H. Ruddock, M.D. Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians; Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; Licentiate in Midwifery, London and Edinburgh, &c.; Physician to the Reading and Berkshire Homœopathic Dispensary.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A most delicious beverage with an excellent aroma."

Civil Service Gazette.

"It is particularly easy of digestion by the most delicate stomachs."

Press & St. James's Chronicle.

Prepared and Manufactured by the Proprietors,

JAMES COLLIER & SONS,

Manufacturers of

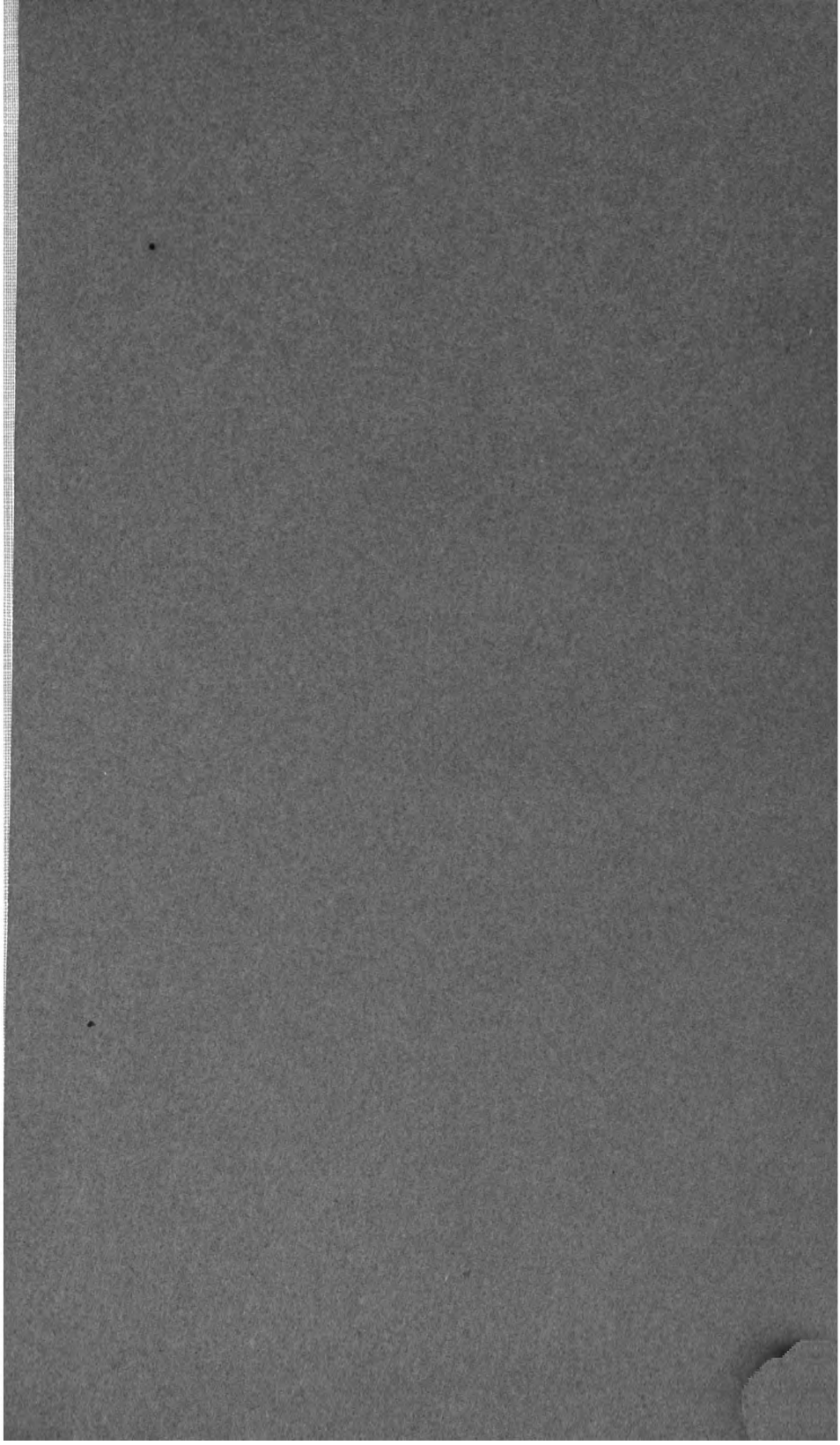
MUSTARDS, COCOA, CHOCOLATE, FRENCH, EATING AND FANCY CHOCOLATES, CHOCOLATE CREMES,

Purveyors of Mustard by special appointment to the International Exhibition, 1871—2.

COMMERCIAL STEAM MILLS, LONDON.

Sold everywhere by Grocers, Chemists, Oilmen, &c., loose 1s. per lb. or in square tins 1s.4d. each.

By Her Majesty's Letters Patent. Established 1812.



JUN 2 1 1934